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Zion's Herald.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Outlook.

Incendiarism in this country and Canada is responsible, according to the calculation of the New York *Journal of Commerce* from estimates furnished by conservative insurance companies, for an annual property loss of \$30,000,000, or one-fourth of the entire loss by this destructive agent. No mention is made of lives imperiled or involved in this frightful aggregate, of the interruption to business, or of the tax levied upon the community at large by premiums to replace this loss. These should also be considered; and the penalty for arson should be made so severe and unrelenting that those tempted to it would not dare to take the risk of its commission.

Spain has conceded to Cuba home rule, in part at least. The present provincial corporation is to be superseded by a council, composed of twelve members appointed by Spain, fifteen chosen by popular vote in the island, together with the high officials; the latter being the Governor General of Cuba, the president of the High Court, and the highest church dignitaries. The council will sit in Havana. It will frame the budget and administer the local and financial affairs of the island. It is only with great reluctance that Spain has yielded in this matter. It is the first step towards Cuban autonomy.

So much that is telegraphed from the East as genuine news is either manufactured or has no basis but common rumor, that even the tidings sent last Saturday to the effect that an official ambassador had been despatched from Pekin to Tokyo clothed with powers to arrange for peace, was received with distrust. His name, however, was given — Chang-Yin-Huan, a former minister from China to this country, and now vice-president of the Imperial Council; and there is no inherent improbability that the Chinese Emperor, with his armies destroyed, his capital threatened, his financial credit gone, should finally decide to accept the advice of U. S. Minister Denby and humble himself by sending a representative of highest rank to confer with his conqueror. Peace in the East would be welcomed by all the nations.

On the Potomac River, about seventy miles below Washington, in the town of Wakefield, Va., the ruins of a chimney are all that is left to mark the site of the house in which the father of his country was born. In accordance with Congressional action, steps have been taken to acquire the property and to erect upon it a suitable monument. This latter is to be of American granite, and will cost \$11,000. The successful proposal, out of thirty-three submitted to Secretary Gresham, provides for a shaft 51 feet high, on a base 12 feet square. This height will be sufficient to make the obelisk visible from the decks of vessels navigating the channel of the Potomac, nearly four miles away. Washington's birthplace will be added to the landmarks on this historic stream.

Our cattle-export and dressed-meat trade with Germany is said to be seriously imperiled by the discriminating duty (one-tenth of a cent) put upon sugar by the recent tariff enactment. This duty, as regards Germany, is a positive violation of an existing treaty; and that country shows a disposition to resent it by placing an embargo upon American beef and pork. Their cattle ships have already turned their prows to Australia, and unless this diversion of trade from this country can be stopped by the repeal of the offensive item,

the cattle and pork industry of the West will shrink, according to estimates, not less than \$75,000,000. The Sugar Trust, of course, opposes this repeal. Its magnates are more powerful in Washington than the cattle-dealers. The latter will probably suffer.

Boston has suffered another loss from the rapidly thinning ranks of its civic and literary peerage in the death of Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, D. D., who departed this life on Thursday last at the ripe age of 80 years. His church will, of course, mourn the decease of one of its most honored ministers, one who as pastor, theological professor and editor, contributed probably more than any other to shaping and directing its thought and progress; but Dr. Ellis' activities were felt outside the sphere of Unitarian Church life. He wrote many valuable historical monographs and memoirs, was a contributor to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and various periodicals, and was a recognized authority in colonial history. The comrade of the late Robert C. Winthrop, he succeeded him in the presidency of the Massachusetts Historical Society. A graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1833, his Alma Mater gratefully conferred upon him its honorary, but deserved, degrees of Doctor in Divinity and Doctor of Laws. The strength and purity of his character, the scholarly atmosphere, the dignity and wisdom of his years, aside from his ministerial office, united to make him conspicuous and revered. Bostonians will miss him.

The Income Tax Injunction.

The opinion has been expressed with a good deal of positiveness by legal experts writing in the daily newsheets that the income tax law will not stand the test of constitutionality if brought in due form before the courts. Mr. John G. Moore, of the firm of Moore & Schley, New York, a well-known operator in stocks, a director of the Western Union Telegraph and of various other corporations, is the first to bring suit in the matter — for an injunction to restrain the Commissioner of Internal Revenue from collecting the income tax. He proposes to fight this thing through, and has retained ex-Senator George F. Edmunds as one of his attorneys. If the law in this case be vulnerable, it is of highest importance that the government should know it before the assessments are made and the machinery is set in motion. It would be awkward for the government to be compelled to pay back this tax, if its collection should be declared to be illegal. Further, if the law should fail to stand the judicial test, the fact ought to be known as soon as possible in order that Congress may provide some new method for collecting the revenue expected from this tax on incomes.

Reprisals at Port Arthur.

The retaliatory atrocities charged upon the Japanese at the capture of Port Arthur have been disproved. They did not fall to the savage level of Chinese brutality. They did not insult, and mutilate, and torture their prisoners till death relieved them of their agonies. It is true that they took vengeance on them, that they showed them no quarter, that they relentlessly and indiscriminately killed those who fell into their hands by the fortune of war; but this, bad as it is, is a different thing from fiendish torture. And the Japanese may rightly plead some excuse for their fury when they point to the mutilated corpses of their countrymen which lined the road on their approach to the stronghold, and for which the Chinese at Port Arthur were responsible. From the beginning of this war the Chinese have exhibited the ferocity of savages in dealing with their prisoners; the Japanese, on the contrary, have treated theirs hitherto with mercy. If the latter forgot themselves at Port Arthur, it was because they were goaded beyond control. The New York *World's* correspondent insists that the victorious Japanese were guilty of awful butchery and savage barbarity; but other correspondents who were

on the spot deny the statements and assert that the carnage was simply retributive and such as has been paralleled on many a European battle-field.

Liquor Drinking to be Investigated.

The effect of liquor drinking is to be carefully investigated by a committee of fifty well-known gentlemen, representing different communities and occupations — literary, professional and business. President Seth Low, of Columbia College, New York, will be its chairman. By making inquiries of a large number of persons all over the country as to their personal habits in the use of alcoholic stimulants, and their observation of the personal habits of others, the committee expect to collect facts which will serve as a basis for intelligent public and private action. They propose to handle these facts with absolute impartiality, and to take account also of the medical, legislative, ethical and economical aspects of the liquor problem. All individual reports in reply to the inquiry will be strictly confidential and need not even be signed. The primary object of the investigation is to determine the effect of the regular consumption of a moderate quantity of whiskey, wine or beer. If the investigation be honest, one fact will certainly be brought to light — that moderate drinking manufactures drunkards.

Under Papal Ban.

Secret societies find no favor with the Church of Rome. Unless open to ecclesiastical inspection and submissive to ecclesiastical modification if necessary, organizations of this character are regarded as inimical to papal policy and interests. Freemasonry has long ago been interdicted. For several years the dignitaries of the church in this country have discussed the putting of other secret societies into the same category of condemnation. A determination to do this with reference to the Odd Fellows, the Sons of Pythias, and the Sons of Temperance, was reached last summer, and the matter was referred to the College of Cardinals. They ratified the decision, and the Pope has given the official sanction. It has been already promulgated. No Catholic can now join these interdicted orders under pain of excommunication, and priests are required to do all in their power to induce those of their flocks who are already affiliated to resign.

He Made a Clean Breast of It.

The Lexow Committee had Police Captain M. F. Schmittberger before them on Friday last in the role of a confessor. Being already under indictment for accepting a bribe, and with a term in the penitentiary impending over him, he was induced to turn state's evidence and divulge all he knew of police rascality, no matter how seriously he incriminated himself or others. The disclosures which he made were by far the most shocking and far-reaching of any that have been laid before the Committee. Commissioners Martin and Sheehan, Inspectors Williams and McAvoy, Captains Martens and Price, not to mention others, were held up to the public gaze in a series of revelations that will not only smirch them with the indelible brand of corruption and dishonor, but will expose them to such legal penalties as the State of New York provides for such outrageous criminals. The commissioners were charged circumstantially with protecting gamblers, liquor-sellers and keepers of disorderly houses. The inspectors named were accused of systematic protection of vile resorts. And the captains — every captain, in fact — were charged with levying blackmail and dividing it with the inspectors. Promotions were obtainable only through purchase or by political influence. The only pleasing statement in this revolting testimony was the exoneration of Superintendent Byrnes, who, the witness believed, would honestly administer the police department if he were not hampered by the commissioners.

The Moral Element Lacking.

Does education repress crime? Certainly not in France. Victor Hugo contended that a school door opened was a jail door closed; but the statistics of criminality in that country do not bear out his statement. Prisons, especially for juvenile offenders, seem to be multiplied there with the diffusion of knowledge. In this country, with all our educational facilities, crime is certainly not waning; it is undoubtedly increasing. In England, however, the statistics are more hopeful. There are 5,000,000 children in English schools, or more than three times as many as there were in 1870, and yet the number confined in English prisons has fallen in the last twenty-four years from 12,000 to 5,000; juvenile offenders now number 5,000 as against 14,000 then. There are other factors to be taken into consideration besides education, of course, in these statistics, but it is undoubtedly true that a purely intellectual education is no effective safeguard against criminal tendencies, and that the latter will not be checked until we engraft moral teaching and conscience-training upon our systems of instruction.

The Telephone Decision.

A year ago last February the government brought suit for the annulment of the Berliner patent, held by the Bell Telephone Company, on the ground that the issuance of the patent to Berliner was unnecessarily delayed (the application was permitted to remain in the Patent Office more than fourteen years); and that a former patent issued to Berliner covered substantially the same claims as made in the patent issued in 1891 — the patent on which the Bell Company bases and dates its rights. Judge Carpenter, of the United States Circuit Court, handed down his decision last week. It was adverse to the Bell Company — the Berliner patent being declared void, and the Company to pay the costs of the suit, which are enormous. The case has been taken to the Court of Appeals. Meantime, however, rival companies can enter the field at pleasure. As the telephone receivers and transmitters are both now legally free, with the exception of various patented improvements, the general expectation is that private lines will be set up and telephone service will be greatly cheapened. For a long time, however, the Bell Company will be able to hold its ground by reason of the perfection and universality of its plant. With this cogn of advantage it may decide to risk successful competition, even if it does not disarm it by a generous reduction of rates.

The English Labor Leader.

Mr. John Burns, M. P., has now been sufficiently long in this country, and has made enough speeches, to chill the welcome with which he was received, and to create the conviction that he has no message which the working people here care to accept. Neither his doctrines, his manners, nor his freedom of speech, are palatable. He is either unconscious of making a serious mistake in advocating socialism, and criticising our institutions and public men, or else he is simply a conceited, defiant demagogue. Mr. Burns is, undoubtedly, a man of great force of character, and wields a powerful influence in England with his pen and tongue. His style is terse, epigrammatic — as when, for instance, he alluded to Chicago as "a pocket edition of hell" — but he does not comprehend American sentiment, and he evidently does not care to comprehend it; he is out of touch with us; he jars — even more, he exasperates! He came here as the apostle of trades-unionism; he has avowed himself a socialist, and has tried to convert our working-men to his views. In the rage of his disappointment at the rejection of the socialist plank by the Federationists at Denver, he informed a delegation which waited upon him: "You fellows have made asses of yourselves!" On learning that we have an army of 25,000 men, he expressed the opinion that it contains 24,900 men too many. He publicly declared that President Cleveland did wrong in calling out troops to suppress the Debs' rebellion. He has even criticised our Constitution as being out of date — "antiquated and utterly unfit for present conditions." This is something worse than abuse of hospitality — it is downright insolence. Mr. Burns has forfeited all claim to American respect. However he may be esteemed in England, he deserves to be classed here with such ranting blatherskites as Herr Most.

Our Contributors.

HERDED LIKE HOGS.

Bishop A. G. Haygood.
Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

DROPPING asleep last night reading a dull piece on the silver question (does any man understand it?), I woke about four in the morning, the lamp still burning. Hundreds of small gnats and a score of moths lay dead on the desk. They could not resist the bright light, and through the open window came in troops to their death. So the big cities have deadly attraction for thousands of the poor, the helpless, and the bad; and by thousands they perish there.

And it seems that, the greater the city, the more irresistible the fascination. Nothing can be more pitiful or horrible than what General Booth tells us in "Darkest England" of the "submerged tenth." In the same class of tragedies is the state of things in the huge tenement-houses in New York, of which the great metropolitan papers tell us from time to time. A writer for the New York *World*, Nellie Bly, as the papers tell us, recently dared all things that she might know the very truth, and spent a night and two days with about three thousand human wrecks in one of the great herding-places called tenement-houses; horrid pens, story on top of story, where life has its poorest chance in this world. But the tale is too well known to dwell upon it. It is so well known, indeed, that it startles people no more. As an Eskimo gets used to sleeping with his dogs, so well-to-do people have lost consciousness of a world of suffering, horror, despair and death close enough for disease to be contagious.

No doubt there is something of this

Terror of Over-Crowding

in every place big enough to be called a city. The larger the city, the worse it is. If we are to believe General Booth and Charles Dickens, London, the biggest city in the world, is worst off in its poverty and vice, its disease and hopeless pauperism.

It does not help the case in the least to philosophize concerning the influences that crowd big cities so. The people who keep going there in endless streams could not, perhaps, tell what moved them. Full of unrest, they began going; the bright light did the rest. They are there, and more are on the way.

There is no end of efforts to "solve the problem of the poor in over-crowded parts of our large cities." The more there are of them, the worse off the city is. They are counted in the census, and flatter the vanity that seeks pleasure in large numbers. But they are, as a class, non-productive. If some make a poor living, the majority do not. The whole three thousand in that huge packing-house for living human beings do not make a living for the whole three thousand. Results: a few get away, more starve, still more steal, still more beg; at last all die before their time. This is the whole case in a nutshell.

All sorts of people are working at this

Problem of Our "Poorest."

Men and women of culture talk of it most earnestly. Great Christian philanthropists write, speak, consult, even hold conventions. Doctrinaires — far more concerned about their pet theories than about the human race — write essays upon the subject. The police try to regulate them, and when they catch them stealing, "jug" them; when they catch them begging, tap them on the head and bid them "move on." Crazy anarchists brood over it while making bombs and plotting midnight meetings. Benevolent people try to solve the problem by gifts of money and what money can buy. In some cities the Associated Charities undertake to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. A few men and women — consecrated as unto death — go down among them and try to lift them up, one by one.

As to money — never in the world did Christian pity lay out such sums of money to help and save the poor. But man was never yet saved by money alone. Few things can do less than money when there is nothing else.

This writer, living in a little country village, cannot undertake to solve the problem. Yet, with knowledge of crowded cities as well as of country places, he does know one thing: Solution of a sort that makes less sorrow, vice and death in this world is not possible while people who cannot take care of themselves herd together in great tenement-houses — men, women, wives, sisters, daughters, children, all in one room, after worse fashion than any

Negro cabin ever was shamed with in the days of chattel slavery. There is

No redemption

for people — a thousand or twice so many — all poor, packed like cattle from Texas plains on their way to Chicago packing-houses. Money cannot. Nor the police. Nor better plumbing with perfect sewage. Nor public schools. Nor private alms. Nor associated charities. Nor relief committees. Nor committees on the "visitation of the poor." Nor tracts. Nor city missions. Nor ragged Sunday-schools. Nor street preaching. The *Gospel* cannot save them there — herded like hogs in a pen. Such herding is itself eternally against the *Gospel*.

They must have room, air, nature. Booth sees this, and is making heroic effort to get his "submerged tenth" into the country. No need to say they don't want to go. Good people must work to this end: Induce them to go. Help them to go. "We don't know how to go about it?" Then we must learn how.

Salvation is not possible for thousands herded like hogs. This is obvious, indisputable. We do well, sometimes, when a great work is to be done, to ascertain exactly what we cannot do. Whatever is done or may be attempted, these people cannot be saved herded together. Nor can those who keep such houses for human herding be saved. They also are against the *Gospel*.

If some man having millions to spend on a more than royal palace in the North Carolina mountains, and millions on a sixty-thousand-acre park, could have a vision of the possibilities in all that money and all that land for the herded thousands, what a miracle of mercy money might work in these last years of our century!

But there is no salvation to people herding together like hogs.

Oxford, Ga.

THE AVENGING GODS.

A Story for the New Year.

Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever.

M. JULIAN MACOMBER was tired, very tired. In fact, he reflected that it would be hard to tell when he had ever felt quite so used up. Yet, despite his feelings of fatigue, his face wore an expression of genuine satisfaction quite pleasant to behold.

Mr. Macomber had been making personal inspection of his ledgers, with the most gratifying results, and the balance-sheet his book-keeper had presented could only be examined with hearty approval and outspoken gladness; for it was the close of the most prosperous business year of his life, albeit there had been steady progress in that direction for some little time. There had been seasons when the meagre returns of a year of toil and exertion had been far from encouraging. But a dogged determination to adhere to the business entered upon and with whose minute details he was thoroughly acquainted, joined with strict application and perfectly honorable methods, had at last brought about a state of assured success. And the man was not at all to blame for taking to himself both considerable pride and not a little credit that he had buffeted right manfully the vicissitudes, complications, and competition of trade, and had come out conqueror at last.

If only this he had done and not left other manful obligations undone!

But to the end of their lives let Christian parents bless a faithful God that the early teachings of home and the sacred influences surrounding a Christian fireside can never be obliterated.

Strange that Julian Macomber, upright and conscientious in dealing with his fellow-men, should, in the midst of business turmoil and perplexities, have forgotten some of the most binding obligations of a successful man's life. Yet he had apparently forgotten all about such things. In his blood there naturally inhered a degree of religious tendencies, inherited no doubt from his stanch Scotch ancestry, and fostered in childhood by a believing mother. But the driving cares of the counter and the counting-room had sadly interfered with and overridden even the strong ties of religion itself.

Tonight, at the close of the year — for it wanted only three more fleeting days to complete the record of another twelve months — Mr. Macomber dreamily planned pleasant and desirable things for the year to come. The snug little cottage at the seaside on which his wife had cast such longing glances last summer should be purchased and put in trim order. Elise should take music lessons of the professor whose terms had heretofore been considered rather too high. Then

sundry other pleasing things should be indulged in, and altogether the flush returns of the fine, prosperous year should be duly appreciated and enjoyed.

Without voicing a summing up of the cheery conclusions, Mr. Macomber yet said as plainly as many another prosperous man has unconsciously said, the self-complacent words of a certain rich man of Holy Writ: "Soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry."

Utterly forgotten was the circumstance that a vigorous appeal had been made in his hearing from the pulpit a few weeks before, in behalf of a half-starving missionary family on our own frontier. But more pitiful still had been the case, presented at an evening service, of a member of the same church which Mr. Macomber attended, who was sinking from insidious disease while wanting many of the commonest necessities of life.

But this starlit night in the cold December, after ruminating delightedly on the secure foothold attained in the throbbing business arena, Mr. Macomber boped casually that the keen examination of the books after a more than ordinarily busy day would not at all retard his slumbers, and with this thought he went to bed and to sleep. Perchance to dream? Aye, to dream; vividly, distressingly, savagely!

For before his eyes, so true to reality he felt he had only to reach forth his hand and grasp them, lay his ledgers; the sums total of credit and debit throwing the surplus largely on the credit side. And beside the heavy volumes lay piles of shining, yellow gold. Yet with the weird spell of a dream, there was something wrong, a vague mistrust lest yonder mimic pyramids of glittering coin might somehow elude him, or fail to yield the comfort and delight their generous supply seemed to promise. Thrusting such suspicions aside, however, he darted forward, impatient to possess himself of some coveted good he knew his money would buy. A spectral figure went at his side, guarding from his touch the particular pile of gold from which he was about to draw.

"What is this?" he asked, half in defiance, half in alarm.

"I am the God of Health," replied the grim presence. "Every dollar of this section of your gains is mine. I come as an avenger, because not to the gods has been given due praise and glory for the health and strength with which you have been blest. Moreover, we have witnessed your utter indifference concerning the wants and privations of a family of apostles who, leaving the ease and comforts of civilization, have gone forth to proclaim to destitute hearers what has been rightly termed the unsearchable riches of the *Gospel*. This pile of gold is mine;" and without further parley the spirit seized the gold and departed.

"There is enough left," was the comforting thought, as the sleeper advanced toward the next pile. Another spectral companion outwitted him.

"Who are you?" demanded the discomfited man.

"I am the God of Brotherly Compassion. The gods have sent me to avenge your culpable lack of interest in a brother, a sufferer who lies at your very door. This heap of gold I claim in the name of humanity and common charity." And seizing what was before him, he vanished.

It comforted the dreaming man that these wights of the night spoke of "the gods" rather than of "God." Some mystical perception of myths rather than of Divine power was borne into his slumberous faculties, giving a sense of relief even amidst the distress of losses caused by the avenging forms. Approaching still another portion of his carefully-earned money, he found himself accompanied as before by an unwelcome shadow.

"I am the God of Tithes," it said, gathering up the largest amount of gold yet. "The avenging gods are angry that not once since the Spirit of Success smiled upon your efforts, have you remembered resolves and implied promises made when as yet your financial career was uncertain and your profits comparatively small. Then it was you dreamed worthily. Before forgetting the wholesome teachings of youthful years, and before neglecting the Book of Rules which guided your religious ancestry, you realized the claims of the gods to a stated portion of your increase. But with prosperity all this has been forgotten or ignored, until the avenging gods have sent for what you owe them." With these words he gathered more closely the larger pile of gold, and faded away.

The man was fast becoming portionless. With a desperation born of disappoint-

ment, a sense of guilt, and a fear of impending ruin, he struggled to get within his hold the next little mound of gold before another claimant could appear. A fourth shadowy shape intercepted him.

"I am the God of Gratitude," he announced, "and the avenging gods decree that not one dollar of the pile before me shall be yours, because you have unthankfully assumed that of your own superior care and foresight this wealth has been acquired. Even the poor pagan returns to his gods thanks, and gifts, and sacrifices, in view of their acknowledged aid. Accountability being increased tenfold in the mind of an enlightened being in a Christian land, no wonder the gods refuse to overlook such willful ingratitude as allows one favored as you have been to so coolly return no proofs of gratitude;" and away the spirit went, bearing a plentiful number of heavy gold pieces in its hands.

Two or three smaller heaps remained, but the man was completely discouraged.

"It is of no use," he said. "I have only to take a step forward in an attempt at possessing what I thought my own, to have it claimed by some relentless messenger sent by the avenging gods." Looking again at the flattering ledgers, then at the meagre amount of gold the gods had left him, he groaned so heavily that he awoke. Then memory began some stringent criminations.

In the darkness and silence of the night he recalled for the first time since hearing it the urgent plea for help for the missionary away off on the frontier. Then he remembered the church brother slipping out of life amid a paucity of earthly comforts which he might easily have helped to supply but for his absorption in his increasing gains.

A firm resolve, made years before, to devote a tenth of his increase to the Lord — as his parents had done before him — should he be prospered, now recurred to his mind, for the first time since he could have easily carried out the just resolve. Then he thought again of the fair balance sheet which had caused a determination to bestow upon himself and his family many added forms of enjoyment. No recognition of what should have constituted a thank-offering to the indulgent Providence which had granted health and strength with which to pursue his selfish aims; no desire to help the lonely apostle striving to further the *Gospel* in distant wilds; no running on swift errands of mercy to the helpless brother; no re resolve to render stated return to the great Giver of all good gifts — none of these more true and noble purposes had stirred his heart in reviewing the blessings and prosperity of the well-favored year.

A strong feeling of regret came like a sting into his soul, as all these reproachful reminders crowded like spectral shadows indeed into both mind and heart. All at once he breathed more hopefully, and with a sense of strong relief. "It is not too late to redeem myself yet," he whispered. "The New Year is not quite come. I can start aright after all. Thank God! I am warned in time."

The snug cottage by the sea was duly bought and made trim against its use. Elise's fingers acquired skill under the instruction of the professor whose terms no longer stood in the way but were readily met. Many other pleasant things were freely enjoyed by reason of the gold flowing into Mr. Macomber's money-till.

But with the beginning of the year a strict system of tithe-giving was established — a just and proper idea in which his Christian wife fully concurred. The missionary on the frontier received not only "sterling" help, but clothing, outgrown or discarded before it was outworn, was carefully mend and preserved to be forwarded to the needy laborers in a more sterile portion of the great vineyard of the Lord. The gentle brother whose wanling needs would not long trench on any earthly resource, was supplied with many comforts and luxuries from the willing hands of the able man who yet felt himself debtor to his poorer brother; for such lessons of faith, fidelity and simple resignation as were taught in the humble room of feeble ness and pain, no pyramid of gold could ever pay for. Golden themselves in their influence and worth, no dross of earth could compare with their deep value.

"I dreamed of myths," said Mr. Macomber to himself one day, "to be reminded of the solemn claims of a patient and merciful God."

Would God that many another prosper man might be reminded in time, before the brave New Year begins its course, of his sacred obligations to the great Giver of every perfect gift, of his forgotten resolves in less favored days, and of the absolute ownership of all he thinks his own by the one just God of heaven.

Georgetown, Mass.

The Epworth League.

New England District.

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THE PRESIDENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Rev. Edward M. Taylor.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WITH this issue of the HERALD the year of 1894 has made its final weekly score. A bright New Year, fresh from the hand of God, opens before us, offering us other fields and new opportunities. May it be crowned with the Divine goodness and its paths drop fatness in the lives of all the members of our Epworth League!

PERSONAL INFLUENCE FOR CHRIST.

That is the New Year's message I desire to send to every member of the League in the New England District. Write it upon the first page of your diary, write it on the margin of the calendar in your room — above all, write it upon the tablet of your heart. Beloved, this is the significance of your membership in the Epworth League. As you look back over the past year you may be able to say, "I have attended all the meetings within the field of my opportunity. I have led the meeting when called to this duty. I have attended the conventions and circuit meetings when held in my neighborhood." Yes, that is a good record, so far as it goes. But, friends, one hour a week of devotion in a prayer-meeting, one day in seven of Sabbath privileges, is no match for six days of secular friction amid the wrestling currents of the world's business and pleasure. Try another test. Have you held daily communion with God through the reading of His Word and secret prayer? Have you daily claimed your privilege of saying some word or performing some act for the glory of your Christ? Is there any hand-picked fruitage in the League or in the church as the result of your personal gleanings in the Master's vineyard?

"I have chosen you," said Christ, "and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." The pastors, the Sunday-school superintendents — ye, the blessed Christ Himself, are longing for other manifestations of League work than enthusiastic conventions, business meetings and League socials. These are all good in their way and place. But one might as truly call a mere fencing-master a patriot because he uses a sword well as to say the Epworth League is a success because it exhibits such ability and skill in the administration of convention work.

The reason of our being roots down deep into the spiritual needs of the hour. Should we not look for times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord in our midst? If the thirty thousand members of the Epworth League in New England were to go about this work of seeking personal power from on High, pledging themselves to simple-hearted devotion to Christ — as did the disciples at Jerusalem, as did Elijah at Carmel, as did Knox in Scotland, as did Wesley at Oxford — showers of spiritual blessings would begin to fall all over our district, and all New England might share in a genuine pentecostal revival.

Heirs of the Weasleys, claim your inheritance! Begin by singing Charles Wesley's hymn for the enlightenment of the Spirit (279 of our Hymnal), —

"Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love."

Then enter earnestly into the revival work of your church during the weeks of January, or at any time when such work is in progress in your community. Place all the forces of your chapter at the disposal of your pastor during these services. Work with him. Invite your unsaved friends to the meetings. Don't be discouraged if they refuse once, twice, or even three times. Be patient with them. Understand you can

afford to be laughed at when you are striving to save a soul bought by the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Put your heart full of sympathy close by the side of the heart full of indifference, and stay there as a mother stays by the bedside of her sick child. Remember that it is heart-power that wins the soul of the indifferent, the wanderer and the backslidden; and through the grace of Jesus Christ that power is within the reach of every individual member of Christ's kingdom.

22 Copeland St., Roxbury, Mass.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR BUSY WORKERS.

Dept. of Spiritual Work.

Rev. E. O. Thayer.
First Vice President.

Spiritual Welfare of Members.

THE main purpose of the church is the care of souls born at its altars, and the training of them until they measure up to the fullness of the stature of Christ. To bear one another's burdens, to prevent each other's stumbling, to rebuke and exhort, to build each other up, are Biblical expressions of our duties as Christians.

The Epworth League, as "the church of the future," should become more earnest in this work, and so bring up the whole church, in time, to a more perfect realization of its duty and privilege in this matter.

The Mercy and Help department attends to the physical needs of the poor, sick and dying. Spiritual disease and decline need still more prayerful and skillful attention. It is easier to bring about the conversion of souls than to care for them and secure continuous growth in grace. One is God's work; the other requires much of human aid.

Members absent from meetings should be looked after. Those who cease to take part in the services should be kindly advised. Any who seem to be slipping off into the world might be gently drawn back if taken in time.

This work cannot all be done by committees. Every member of the League should have at least one soul to work for and pray for. Some member might be delegated to keep account of absentees and report to the first vice-president. This official should either go himself or send some person of tact to look after the absent or erring one. Books can be loaned or tracts given to any who need instruction or warning on particular lines.

The main point is to find out the needs of members. The best ways of reaching individual cases will be found by study and prayer. It is certain that we would not have the names of so many backsliders on our church records if more attention were paid to the Saviour's request, "Feed my lambs," and to the many apostolic exhortations to mutual edifying.

Let the first vice-presidents of New England Leagues prayerfully study this line of work, and, if it has been neglected, plan some systematic effort. It will require as careful planning as social, literary or charitable work.

Report to the writer methods, incidents and progress.

Gardiner, Me.

Dept. of Literary Work.

Rev. W. J. Yates.

Third Vice President.

THERE are many chapters giving too little attention to this department; yet none of our work yields more immediate and permanent results of good than this. No time in the year is more favorable than this to take up the reading course. The books are on timely topics, and will awaken interest at once. If all the members cannot be enlisted in the matter, it is advisable to get a few interested either as a class or individually. "Literary evenings" are enjoyable and can be made valuable by assigning topics to be written upon and the papers read at a general meeting of the League. A mixed program of music and essays or addresses will utilize and develop talent which perhaps the League has not before supposed it possessed. The results of the Reading Course can thus be secured to all, even though none but the essayists have actually read the books. After the holidays the long evenings of winter should see in every chapter some effort to advance along this line.

Some signs are apparent that the old-time debating clubs are to be revived. It would be wise to make use of all available talent in this direction. Our young men need to develop their powers of public speech. An interesting meeting can be had by arranging a debate on some of the questions of the

day awakening discussion. Why cannot the ladies also participate? "Should the United States Mediate between Japan and China to End the Present War?" was recently the subject of debate among some of our young people, and caused some surprise at the ability displayed in handling the question and the information possessed by those arguing.

Let us not neglect our Methodist history and peculiar life. "A History of the Class-meeting" would in many chapters be of value and might produce desirable results in increased attendance upon that means of grace.

After the "Bugle Blast for Missions" has been sounded and the League has rallied in aid of this cause, nothing could be more helpful than to spend an evening occasionally in a review of the various mission fields. A map and three or four papers by different members on various phases of the work can be prepared in almost any chapter. Material is abundant; a disposition to use it will soon give skill.

At the Manchester convention it was thought necessary to secure a wider diffusion of League news through the secular press. The writer was placed in charge of this work. After much labor and care, arrangements have been made so that every newspaper in the country can have at very small expense one column per week of League matter. Will all our chapters aid in getting their local papers to introduce this helpful feature of literary work? For full information write to me. I will provide the matter, but for its distribution must depend on the co-operation of the third-vice-presidents and other members of the local chapters.

New London, Conn.

Dept. of Junior Work.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.
Supt. Junior League.

A Junior Class-Meeting.

"HOW shall I conduct a Junior League class-meeting?" This question came to me from Minnesota not long ago, and a suggestion I found in the *Epworth Era* helped me to answer it.

Use that invaluable ally, the blackboard. Write upon it the following questions: "What has God done for me?" and "What do I desire of the Lord?" Explain to the children the fact that these desires refer to spiritual blessings, and then call upon the Juniors in turn to answer these two questions.

The chief thought of each answer is written on the blackboard, and, when all have spoken, a season of prayer follows, that God may grant these desires.

A class-meeting conducted in this way can hardly be a failure. The children will find it much easier to speak of their spiritual needs if it is thus made simple to them, than it would be if they were called upon to relate their experiences like mature Christians.

Junior superintendents, try the blackboard class-meeting, and you will be surprised to find what a depth and variety of experience these Christian children have.

I will add a prayer, which may be profitably used at the close of such a meeting as I have described. It may be written on the blackboard and read aloud by the Juniors, or it may be taught, line by line, and repeated by the children in concert.

A New Year's Prayer.

I want my heart made pure, dear Lord,
I want to know and love Thy Word;
To be all glorious within,
Freed from each spot and stain of sin.

I want the New Year's opening days
To fill with love, and prayer, and praise.
Some little thing to do for Thee,
For Thou hast done great things for me.

I want some other soul to bring
To Thee, my Saviour, and my King.
Thou wilt not, Lord, my prayer deny,
For Thou canst all my wants supply.

In Jesus' name our prayer we raise,
Whose guiding hand has blessed our days.
And may we, Lord, in godly fear
Serve Thee through all this coming year!

Amen!

Fresh from the Field.

Rev. F. N. Upham.

Their Annual Meeting.

The Melrose (Mass.) League, Chapter 62, celebrated its anniversary, Nov. 12. The post-prandials were of a high order. Music lent its charm to the occasion. The themes chosen by the speakers were as follows: "Looking Backward," "Our Motto," "League and Church," "Looking Forward." Rev. C. H. Davis is filling out the fourth year of a most successful pastorship here.

"Outlook is Encouraging."

So reports Miss Mattie G. Stone for the Mallow Chapter, *Monument Square Church*, Boston. A "Brownie Supper" recently held excited much interest and netted over \$90 for the church expenses. The prayer-meetings have a large attendance and a growing interest. Rev. G. W. Mansfield, pastor.

Their Literary Work Successful.

At Ludlow (Vermont) the League has a class of twenty-six young people in the Literary department. The studies embraced in the course are astronomy, normal lessons, and Bible instruction. Rev. A. E. Atwater, pastor.

An Epworth Day at a Church Dedication.

Sunday, Dec. 9, was League Day in the feast of dedication at the *Dorchester St. Church*, South Boston. Dr. O. A. Curtis, of Boston University, preached inspiring on "Loyalty" in the morning. A large consecration service took place at the early evening hour, attended by the local League and visitors from neighboring churches. It was a time of "power from on high." At the evening service James Logan Gordon, of the Boston Y. M. C. A., gave a helpful address. Rev. A. H. Nazarian, pastor.

A Secretary's Report.

Miss Maude G. Evans, of *Broadway Church*, Providence, sends the following concisely written report: —

"We have at present 78 names on our roll, all being members in the same standing, having abolished the distinction between active and associate membership.

"The religious work of the League has been very well sustained; even during the summer months, when so many of our members were absent, the meetings were well attended.

"In the department of Mercy and Help we received much assistance from Mrs. Collins, who found and helped many poor families during what was termed 'hard times' last winter.

"We have united the forces of our Literary and Social Work departments, and have a meeting once a month only, which we endeavor to have both instructive and entertaining.

"With our motto, 'Lift up, Look up,' ever in mind, and a strong determination to press on and increase our number, we hope to accomplish much the coming year."

Montpelier District Convocation.

"Philip Findeth Nathaniel" was the apt topic taken by Miss Jessie Armington at the convention held in Montpelier the last of October. The various departments were all represented, and Dr. Schell conducted a question-drawer and delivered a strong address.

54 Monadnock St., Dorchester.

SECRETARY'S NOTES.

Merritt C. Beale.
General Secretary.

MANY secretaries are reporting their lists of officers. We wish every one would attend to this at once, and so enable the general officers to directly reach the heads of their departments.

Let us pay increasing attention to the keeping of chapter records. They will be of great interest in the future.

The work of the local secretary is very much more than that of keeping a record of meetings. He will find his duties outlined in the *Wheat*, and learn many things of service in his work from the *Epworth Herald* and other church papers, in leaflets and the new *Annual* for 1895. This little book should be in the hand of every member of the cabinet, and, if possible, of each member of the chapter. Its cost is but five cents, and it can be had at the Book Depository.

It will be very helpful and suggestive for each secretary to acquire a collection of topic cards, programs, souvenirs, and all kinds of chapter publications. This can be consulted when any new ideas are wanted to embody in printer's ink. Especially helpful will be such an assortment of matter used in the Spiritual Work department, intimating what can be done to best reach the indifferent and bring them to the meetings.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.



QUEEN CITY LETTER.

"Cincinnati."

THE leaven of the Parkhurst movement has begun an active process of fermentation in the Queen City. Two important meetings of the Evangelical Alliance within the past few weeks have crowded Wiley Hall, where prominent laymen and preachers of all denominations met to discuss the question, "Is a Parkhurst needed in Cincinnati?" An able paper was presented in two instalments by Rev. M. C. Lockwood, D. D., of the Baptist Church, who has figured conspicuously before when the city has been in throes of municipal reform. Dr. Lockwood was inclined to view as one of the most hopeful features of the situation the fact that the clergy are waking up to the realization of hell having some definite location in Cincinnati. The slumbering tares with which he prefaced his appearance before the Alliance confirmed the belief he holds as a Prohibitionist, that the liquor traffic is the string on which all the tinsel beads of vice are strung. "Ladies' sitting-rooms" and brothels came in for a share of his invective. He found the latter ignoring the fine of \$350 that the State imposes on them for selling liquor. He secured evidence enough of crap gambling, going on in saloons open after midnight, to secure the arrest of all the parties implicated. He was assured, however, by the prosecuting attorney that no information would have a hearing that did not come through the police, and that no jury would convict the offenders if they were brought to trial. Rev. R. H. Rust, D. D., in a very strong paper read before the Alliance on "Steps to Municipal Reform," emphasized the necessity of separating municipal from state and national elections, and officering the city, by means of an independent ticket, with men who will enforce the laws.

The meetings of the Alliance were reported in full by the daily press, one paper commenting editorially on its proceedings under the theme, "Cincinnati is All Right." While the Queen City is comparatively free from corruption in its police force and some other evils that thrive in large cities, it is completely in the grip of a gang that controls the elections of both parties and lets out contracts for what there is in them. Any reform that is satisfied with less than the downfall of the gang will be very short-lived.

The Municipal Reform League that has recently come into existence has an indefatigable agent at work with a corps of ministerial helpers. It has lent its strength so far to efforts directed toward the closing of Sunday performances, and the revoking of the licenses of all theatres giving improper performances. It has been urged that the police cannot make arrests until a performance has taken place, and that its legitimacy or propriety can be determined only by a police court trial; but the League holds that the time has come when the traditional farce of arresting the performers at the close of the performance and dismissing them after they have paid their fines in court on Monday morning, will be honored more in the breach than in the observance. The mayor has been petitioned to exercise his prerogative in the matter, and has been furnished with a list of the theatres alleged to be guilty of violating the laws. The jury law has been one of the formidable enemies of reform, it being almost impossible, under the present mode of appointment, to secure a jury that will convict any transgressor of the law. If the Municipal Reform League succeeds in creating a sentiment that will demand from the Legislature a change of the jury law, the outlook will be more hopeful.

One of the events marking the term of the new presiding elder of the Cincinnati District, Rev. R. H. Rust, D. D., was a two days' Ministerial Conference that convened on Mt. Auburn. An interesting feature of the program was an address on "The Institutional Church," by Rev. J. W. Magruder, whose success at Wesley Chapel in the forward line has brought him into prominence as an exponent of applied Christianity. Mr. Magruder treated institutional methods as necessities that the church must shoulder till they can be delegated to the proper authorities. He said that he did not believe that it was the special function of a church to run either a building association or a playground, but that Wesley Chapel maintained both because the building associations, almost without exception, meet in or over or back of saloons, and the grass plots in the parks are guarded by police surveillance. It has abandoned several of its

classes this year because night schools have opened in the neighborhood.

As a solution of the problem of the downtown church, Mr. Magruder advocated the circuit plan, that, put into operation in Cincinnati, would group about the three large and centrally located churches — St. Paul's, Trinity and Wesley Chapel — the other churches lying in the contiguous territory, with a superintending pastor at the head of each group, and the other pastors as a staff of associates. The plan, that is practically a revival of the original Methodist plan, has been successfully tried by other denominations, and the objection urged that it was tried in Cincinnati some fifty years ago without success, does not prove that it would not succeed under the changed conditions that exist today.

Cincinnati was fortunate enough to figure in General Booth's itinerary, and gave him a welcome worthy of a patriarch and a hero. The street parade that marked the first night of the social demonstration was weird and unique even for a Salvation Army march, with its brass band and timbrel lassies, its floats representing different phases of the work, and its ranks of "blood and fire." Within the last year the fortunes of the Salvation Army in the Queen City have very materially improved under a new corps of officers. With a large gain in auxiliary members, it has been able to occupy the German Theatre on the canal as its Salvation Temple and to multiply its corps. Armed for criticism, it has suddenly discovered itself a "fad." But some of its features might be modified with advantage in transplanting it from British soil. When a soldier is sworn in, for instance, he surrenders his right of private judgment to the officers over him and no longer decides any question alone, from the woman he weds to the character of his funeral. He must obtain permission to attend the services of any church, though the Army is not a church and does not administer the sacraments. He must pledge himself to sell the *War Cry* on Sunday. A censorship is exercised over his reading, and he must pledge himself to sustain the Army publications, confining his reading to them and giving the daily papers only a cursory glance. It is difficult to see how such a polity, that savors of Catholicism, can make intelligent converts.

The Salvation Army is using the same tactics with which Methodism scored its early successes. Part of its success is doubtless due to the willingness with which the churches delegate their work to outside agencies. If the poor have become alienated from the churches, the best policy is to remove the ground of their charges, remembering that the church is a divinely-appointed channel through which the world is to be saved.

NINETIETH BIRTHDAY SERMON.

(Sermon preached by REV. J. B. HUSTED, in the Watertown M. E. Church, Sunday morning, Dec. 23, on the day before his 90th birthday.)

TEXTS. — "I have been young and now am old." — *Psalms* M. 15.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." — *Rom. 1:16.*

"Loved thou Me?" — *St. John* 21:17.

I ONCE heard Bishop Hedding say that he dreaded to speak in a love-feast because it necessitated speaking of himself. So I feel with respect to my preaching today.

I was admitted to the New York Conference in 1823 with 19 others, all of whom are now dead. My first appointment was to Leyden Circuit, lying on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains. The circuit comprised ten towns in Vermont and ten towns in Massachusetts. I, with my colleague, traveled around this circuit once in four weeks, preaching at twenty different places. I was reappointed to this charge in 1827.

At the next Conference I was elected to deacon's orders and ordained by Bishop George. The Maine Conference was at this time scattered, there being hardly more than 65 preachers within its bounds. Bishop Hedding transferred me to the Maine Conference with the understanding that, after four years, I might be re-transferred if I desired. But, marrying the third year of my residence in Maine, anchored me there for thirteen years. My appointments in Maine were in six towns, all of which are now cities — Bath, Augusta, Bangor, Portland, Hallowell and Gardiner. The last four years of my membership in the Conference was in the capacity of presiding elder of the Bangor District, extending from Thomaston on the south to Aroostook on the north — a distance of 150 miles. During my period of service in Maine, I was honored by an election to the General Conference which met in Cincinnati in 1836. Of the members of this memorable Conference, in which began the agitation of the antislavery question, I, alone, survive.

In 1841 I was transferred to the New England Conference and appointed to Bromfield St.,

Boston, and subsequently to South St., Lynn. In 1845 I was transferred to the Providence (now New England Southern) Conference. My appointments were at Chestnut St., Providence, North Bridgewater, Nantucket, Newport, North Manchester, Fairhaven, Centreville, Monument, North Easton village, North Cohasset. But

Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." The question is also personal: "Loved thou Me?" He addresses each one in particular. Many truly love Him. Many love Him only with the love of respect, the common love for their fellow. But God wants, He expects, from every heart that answer of Peter: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." This quite likely is my last public address. If I can be instrumental in leading you from a life of sin, or a life of indifference, to a life of love for your Saviour, I shall be satisfied.



Rev. J. B. Husted.



Walked
150
Miles
In
60
Hours

Edward Payson Weston

says — In my recent walk from New York to Albany, 150 miles in 60 hours, I subsisted entirely on

H-O Hornby's
Oatmeal

without the use of any flesh food or stimulant. I personally selected H-O, because of its nutritious and digestible qualities.



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Pain-Killer
stops the cough at once by removing the cause and thus prevents the trouble. Put two teaspoonfuls of this good old remedy in a small cup of molasses, take $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful often, and your cough will quickly cease. Sold everywhere. You now get double the quantity of Pain-Killer for the same old price.

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REV. WAYLAND JOHNSON

SAKS OF

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Dr. WM. A. HAMMOND:

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Pastor First Baptist Church.

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The Family.

THE YEARS.

Lillian Grey.

The current of time more swiftly moves
As it nears the tideless sea,
And the circling years seem in haste to bring
Us close to eternity.

A year! Twelve months of dusk and dawn,
Of moon and star and sun,
Of flower and fruit and root and grain.
Ere the year's great work is done.

And birth and death and labor and care,
And love and passion and fear,
And loss and gain and pleasure and pain,
Make up the sum of a year.

A year! So long to look forward to,
So short when it passes by,
So fraught with all that can make or mar
Through a vast eternity!

O Year, Old Year! you are going now;
Farewell! farewell! we say,
May our hearts be shriven, our sins forgiven,
Before you go, we pray.

O Year, New Year! from the hand of God
You come as pure as snow;
We welcome you with a chastened joy,
Your end but God can know.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WANING YEAR.

Born in rejoicing and cradled in hope,
Pointing new paths for adventurous feet,
Promising power with the future to cope,
Whispering low of the summer-time sweet,
Camest thou hither. Now nearing thy bier,
What dost thou leave us, oh, vanishing year?

— Sidney Grey.

Memory and Hope stand side by side as the Old Year goes and the New Year comes. Both sing praise to God — the God of the past and of the future — our Father. Let us commit to His grace the sins of the departing year. Let us trust His wise providence for guidance through the year to come. The eternal years are His. And we are His children. Let us rest and be glad. — Bishop J. H. Vincent.

A much-living life, a life of manifold experiences, is like a robe which bursts forth of itself to jewels. They are not sewn on from the outside. They burn out of its substance as the stars burn out of the heart of the night. And God shines with new revelation upon every one. And the man who feels himself going out of a dying year with these jewels of experience which have burned forth from his life during its months, and knowing that God in the New Year will shine upon them and reveal Himself by them, may well go full of expectation, saying, "The Lord is at hand." — Phillips Brooks.

Oh, let us trust with holy men of old
Not all the story here begun is told;
So the tired spirit, waiting to be freed,
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read,
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not *finis*, but *The End of Volume First*!

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Nor should it be forgotten that God is ruling over these days of the closing year, and will rule in the year soon to begin. These are not times uncontrolled. The hand of God is in them. More than this, He who gave Himself for us, unto whom all power and judgment have been given, who is also touched with a feeling of our infirmities, having been tried in all points as we are, yet without sin, holds the sceptre of universal dominion, and guides and controls the events of human history. His heart is enlisted in the service of men. He rules to serve. If men wait upon Him, crying, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He will turn darkness into light, sorrow into joy, want into abundance. Yea, whether men will or not, He will, by an irresistible power and resolution, carry them onward toward the fulfillment of the prophecies and promises of His word. Days of His chastenings and scourgings will yield an everlasting harvest of peaceable fruits of righteousness. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." — *Christian Intelligencer*.

Why cry so many voices, choked with tears,
"The year is dead?" It rather seems to me
Full of such rich and boundless life to be,
It is a prelude of the eternal years.
Must it not live in us while we, too, live?
Part of ourselves are now the joys it brought,
Part of ourselves is, too, the good it wrought
In days of darkness. Years to come may give
Less conflict, less of pain, less doubt, dismay,
A larger share of brightness than this last;
But victory won in darkness that is past
Is a possession that will far outweigh
All we have lost. So let us rather cry,
This year of grace still lives; it cannot die!

— MARY G. SLOCUM, in *The Outlook*.

The man who stands between the old year and the new and says, as he looks back, "My cup runneth over," is not the man whose cup has held no bitter drop. David had known hunger and thirst and desert ways, as well as green pastures and still waters, but whatever else was in his cup he never failed to add love and gratitude. He could not always see "goodness and mercy" going before him, but he felt sure they were "following," and so he went forward without fear of evil. The chemist goes about pouring one ingredient after another into the glass and the mixture lies dull and quiet. He pours in one more and it sparkles and flashes, and rises quickly over the brim. Take life's cup with its sweet and

bitter and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits," and it will run over in praise and thanksgiving. — *Emily Huntington Miller*.

In the year just closing many households have been bereaved. I look back to one home and another of my friends, and think how full they were of joy in the last holidays, and how shadowed now. A young mother with her baby girl, a white rosebud on her bosom, was laid in her last sleep when this year was new. It has been a desolate year in the home she left for a heavenly one. A husband, one of Christ's noblest followers, a man of keen intellect, tender heart, and deep loyalty of love, died when the snows were falling in February. Christmas and New Year's are saddened anniversaries for his wife and their children. An aged mother, venerable and beautiful, passed away in the dawn of Thanksgiving. The loss is as great to her middle-aged children, as deeply felt, as if she had gone a score of years ago. Let us try to connect our thoughts of loss as we sit in the waning year, with our lasting gain. We shall meet our dear ones by-and-by. A new year is coming. We must not shadow it by too much mourning. "To look forward and not back, and to lend a hand," should be our mottoes now. — *Margaret E. Sangster*.

Let all the mistakes and shortcomings of the fading year help toward greater faithfulness and fidelity in the untried paths that be just ahead. Glorify the old, familiar duties by meeting each and every one, not as some mere happening or accident awaiting us for attention, but as a direct appointment sent into our lives from God. Remember errors of the passing year merely to profit by them. Unwholesome brooding never yet mended a fault, never built a sound stair on which to ascend to better things. Be strong, be of good courage. Take leave stanchly of the old year, thankful for its blessings, thankful too for its griefs and burdens, thankful for the swift forgiveness its mistakes may find, thankful we can leave it every day and hour trustingly in the hands of God.

He is passing in the midnight
With our follies and our sin;
Lord! O consecrate the moments
Of the days that now begin;
As the snow so whitely lying
Is the new year, still untrod;
Keep it pure from marring footsteps
Ere we render it to God.

He is passing with his burden
Of the days that are no more,
He is passing to the palace
Where the angels guard the door;
He will bear it to the Master,
He will leave it there with Him,
'Mid the flashing constellation
Of the radiant cherubim.

— *Christian Work*.

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Cornelia Wesson Boyden.

BEA APPLETON paused outside the half-closed door, and listened to the voices within the room. Her cheeks took on a deeper shade, and her eyes glistened with an indignant fire, at the cool, sarcastic tone in which Mr. Harper, the musical director at St. Mark's Church, was speaking to her sister. Eunice's short, dry cough, that sent a shiver of apprehension through Bea's heart, mingled with the director's cold voice.

"You have disappointed me so many times, Miss Appleton," he was saying, "that I think perhaps it might be as well to find a soprano to take your place permanently."

"But, Mr. Harper," said Eunice, pleadingly, "my cough is much better; and I feel quite sure that by Christmas morning I will be able to sing as well as ever."

"I dare not trust to an uncertainty," answered Mr. Harper, coldly, "for as director I am responsible for the music, and on Christmas morning we are supposed to have something exceptionally fine."

Eunice sighed faintly, and Mr. Harper cleared his throat and continued a little hurriedly: —

"To tell the truth, Miss Appleton, your voice is not what it was when you first entered our choir; and as considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed, I think perhaps a change might be for the better."

"Have you found any one to take my place?" said Eunice, her voice trembling with suppressed feeling.

"No, no, certainly not," said Mr. Harper, quickly. "I would not take that step until I had talked with you; but really, Miss Appleton, I fear that it is inevitable."

The door was pushed open, and Bea's small figure walked swiftly into the room. Pausing before the director, she said in a clear, sweet voice that rang with an indignant thrill: —

"Mr. Harper, my sister is ill now, and consequently her voice is not in its usual condition; but with a little rest and a chance to recover her health, there is no question but that her voice will be the same as ever. Meanwhile I would like to apply for her position as soprano in St. Mark's choir."

Mr. Harper adjusted his eyeglasses and

gazed at the young girl in astonishment, while Eunice raised herself in her easy-chair, and looking at her little sister's flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes was about to speak, when a warning glance from those same dark eyes closed her lips.

"Can — can you sing?" almost stammered the man in his surprise.

"Certainly, Mr. Harper, or I would not ask for the position," answered Bea with dignity. "Would you like to hear me sing?" and she walked toward the old-fashioned piano, and throwing back the cover seated herself and began coolly turning over the music. Hardly knowing what to say, Mr. Harper moved slowly across the room, and, picking up a sheet of music from the piano, glanced it over before answering. It was the Christmas Anthem that was to be sung the following Sabbath, and with a little sarcasm in his voice he said, placing it upon the music-rack, —

"Can you sing this?"

"I will try if you will play it," answered Bea, rising.

With a slight frown at the girl's persistence, Mr. Harper drew off his gloves, and seating himself at the piano struck the opening chords. Then Bea sang — sweet, clear and true, her young voice poured forth from the white throat and filled the room with its melody. Not one false note did she make, and as she paused, Mr. Harper rose from his seat and held out his hand cordially.

"Miss Beatrice, I congratulate you on having a very remarkable voice, and if you will come to our next rehearsal, I think we can arrange for you to take your sister's place in the choir, for the present at least."

Smiling and dimpling, Bea forgot everything but her small triumph; but as the door closed on Mr. Harper, she turned quickly toward her sister.

Eunice's face was turned toward the wall, while her hand shielded her eyes, and she spoke not a word. Kneeling down beside her, Bea laid her head with its dark curls in her elder sister's lap.

"Speak to me, Eunice," she said, softly, "Have I done wrong?"

"I — I did not know you could sing like that, Bea," said Eunice, in a smothered voice, while a few hot tears stole down her thin cheeks. "Whenever did you learn?"

"I have never learned, as you know, dear; but I have felt that I could sing always, and when Mr. Harper talked so coldly and heartlessly to you, and I knew how much you needed the money, I thought if I could only take your place till you were well again, you could still have your salary. It was a wild thought, I know, yet it had succeeded after all," said Bea, smiling.

"But how could you sing the anthem without practice, child?" asked Eunice, a trifle coldly.

"Oh! I had practiced that, Eunice, while you were at the store. I heard you sing it, and it haunted me and ran in my head till I was obliged to learn it. Wasn't it lucky I did?" and the girl laughed softly.

Eunice Appleton sighed as she stroked the dark head lying in her lap.

"You have undertaken more than you realize, I fear, Bea," said she, thoughtfully; "you will have hard work to keep up with the rest of the choir."

"But you will teach me, Eunice, won't you, and I'll practice and study very, very hard?" said Bea, earnestly.

"Yes, child, I'll teach you all that I can," answered Eunice, wearily.

It was scarcely to be wondered at, and only human, that Eunice Appleton should feel a pang of jealousy at the discovery of her little sister's wonderful voice. Although Bea had sung from the time she could talk, Eunice had taken but little notice of the quality of her voice, and had not realized that the young girl was fast developing into a woman. Her own musical studies and ambitions had fully occupied her thoughts and time outside of her duties at the store where she worked through the day.

Alone in the world, the two sisters led rather a lonely existence in the rambling old house which was their only possession, and for several years it had been a weary struggle with poverty. In her girlhood Eunice could remember loving parents and all the comforts and many of the luxuries of prosperous living; then came death and many changes, and now, when she was twenty-six and Beatrice nineteen, their prospects looked more gloomy than ever. Overwork and a neglected cold had brought on a cough that seemed fast developing into a serious lung trouble, and had so interfered with her singing that it was the cause of her being asked to resign her position in the choir where for five years she had sung so successfully. Six years before, the one brief romance of her life had come and

gone. The hero of it was the cousin of a school friend who lived in an adjoining town, and at whose house she had met Ralph Atwood. Mutually attracted, the young people passed many happy hours together, yet were a word of love had been spoken between them, a misunderstanding arose and they drifted apart; yet deep in Eunice Appleton's loving heart was enshrined one face that six long years of silence and uncertainty had failed to obliterate.

Christmas morning the church bells rang gleefully. "Peace on earth, good-will to men," echoed through their ringing tones, and was reflected in the smiling faces of the congregation that crowded the aisles of St. Mark's. Behind the curtains that hid the choir from the public gaze Bea Appleton sat, listening with a deadly sinking at her heart to the organ's melodious peal. Her usually rosy cheeks were pale, and her eyes had a frightened look in their dark depths, while her white teeth were pressed hard against her under lip to still its trembling. In fact, Bea's courage had quite deserted her in her hour of trial. Oh! why had she undertaken to do this thing? she kept whispering to herself. How dare she attempt to sing before all these people? To be sure, she had gotten through the rehearsals successfully, and the rest of the choir had treated her with patronizing condescension, but now —

Suddenly the curtains were swept aside, and mechanically Bea rose to her feet with the rest of the choir. The sea of upturned faces swayed before her dazed eyes, and she clutched with one small, cold hand the rail before her. A feeling of utter despair swept over her almost to her undoing, when with one supreme effort she raised her eyes. There was the pictured face of the Madonna, calm and sweet, bending over the Christ-child, the aged wise men kneeling in adoration before their Lord, and above them shining with celestial brightness was the Star of Bethlehem. A holy calm fell upon Bea's troubled spirit, and as the organ prelude ceased, her pale lips opened of their own accord, and she sang as she had never sung before. A subdued rustle swept through the church, while smiles of satisfaction and whispered comments were passed behind open prayer-books and raised fans. Far back in the church stranger sat, looking about him with polite indifference until the rising of the choir aroused him to interest. As Bea's clear tones fell on his ear a look of startled recognition swept over his face, and until the last note died away he stared earnestly at the inspired singer's sweet face. Passing out through the crowded vestibule Bea came face to face with the gentleman, who lifted his hat as he passed by. A little haughty and stiffly Bea returned the bow, though she knew the man to be a stranger; yet he looked like a gentleman, and seemed to think he recognized her. So, concluding it to be a mistake, she thought no more about it. The next day, however, she met the strange gentleman again on the street, and he lifted his hat as before, which she as coolly returned with a stiff bow. Thus a week passed by, and everywhere Bea went she was sure to meet the stranger, who still persisted in bowing to her, much to her annoyance.

Meantime Eunice Appleton was rapidly sinking into a decline. From the time she had resigned her place in the choir to her young sister, she seemed to have entirely lost her courage to struggle longer with life's duties; and weak and listless she lay day after day on the lounge apparently unable to arouse herself. Poor little Bea was nearly distracted over her sister's condition, and potted and nursed the invalid with unflinching devotion. A little later, as Bea stood one day looking out of the window, she startled her sister by a sudden exclamation of annoyance. "I declare, Eunice, if that man isn't bold enough for anything! He is actually coming up to the door."

"What man, Bea?" said Eunice, indifferently.

"Why, that impudent fellow who has been bowing to me so persistently for the last week," answered Bea. As she spoke the clang of a bell sounded through the old house, and with a haughty air Bea hastened to the door. It was a tall, handsome man who stood on the step, hat in hand, and a pleasant smile on his lips. "Does Miss Appleton live here?" he asked, politely, looking inquiringly at Bea's sober face.

"She does," answered Bea, stiffly.

"Could I speak with her?" he inquired, handing Bea his card.

"I will see. Please walk in," said Bea, ushering him into the old-fashioned parlor. As she turned away, a puzzled look swept over the gentleman's face and the smile faded from his face.

"By Jove! I believe I have made a mistake," he muttered to himself.

Eunice took the card from her sister's hand with a listless air, but as her eyes read the name of "Ralph Atwood," her pale face flushed crimson. "At last!" cried her swiftly-beating heart, and, rising, she moved slowly toward the parlor door.

"Is it any one you know, Eunice?" said Bea, watching her sister a little curiously.

"Yes, some one I knew years ago, Bea," answered Eunice, softly. Then with a hasty arrangement of her dress, she passed into the next room.

A few minutes later Bea was introduced to Ralph Atwood, who made many apologies for his persistent attentions to the young girl during the past week.

"You look so much as your sister did when I first knew her, Miss Beatrice, that I made the mistake in thinking you were she," he said, in explanation of his conduct, and Bea accepted his apologies good-naturedly.

During the following weeks Ralph Atwood visited at the old house almost daily, and life took on a brighter hue for the two sisters. Eunice seemed to find new energy to throw off the weakness that had so long held her in its grasp, while Bea grew blithe as a bird with joy over her sister's improved health and more cheerful spirits. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," says the old adage, and such an one Ralph Atwood proved himself to be to the lonely girls. Swift rides through the brisk air to the music of merry sleigh-bells brought back the color to Eunice's pale cheeks, while the almost tender solicitude with which Ralph cared for her every wish, brought a light to her dark eyes she sought in vain to conceal. Walks and talks with little Bea, in which that young maiden learned to know the worth of a good man's friendship, and long musical evenings when they all joined together their happy voices, made the time pass swiftly. At last, in the midst of all this happiness, there crept one day a doubt into Eunice's patient heart. "Which did he love?" Looking at Ralph's smiling face bent over Bea's dark curls, and watching her sister's glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes lifted to his, a pang of jealousy, bitter as death, smote the poor girl's heart. "I could not bear it," she thought, fiercely, and with a sudden quick motion she started to leave the room. As she passed by them, Ralph held out a detaining hand, saying, with a pleasant smile, —

"Don't go, Eunice, I want you."

Hushing the wild tumult of her heart, Eunice paused and stood silently beside him, and presently they were alone. Then Ralph turned, and drawing her swiftly into his arms, said earnestly and tenderly, —

"Give me my answer now, Eunice. I cannot wait longer."

Happy tears filled her eyes as Eunice leaned against her lover's breast.

"You know it already, Ralph," she said faintly, and Ralph was content.

Tripping softly down the stairs came Bea, and hearing voices in the parlor she paused before the half-closed door and listened.

"You would better have chosen Bea, Ralph," Eunice was saying, "she is younger, fresher, fairer," —

"Huah! darling, it is you I love," answered Ralph's deep voice, "and Bea has only a child's heart at present."

Silently and swiftly a small figure stole up the long flight of stairs, and passing into a chamber closed the door softly. The moonbeams streamed into the window and touched Bea's bowed head as she crouched against the window-sill. Millions of brilliant stars gleamed in the dark heavens, but one larger, brighter, purer than all the rest seemed to shed its light on the dark curls. At last Bea lifted her head and looked upward; but it was the tender soul of a woman that gazed through those dark eyes and saw, as in a vision, the Star of Bethlehem.

INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

A PURITAN divine named Sibbs wrote a booklet called "The Bruised Reed." A copy of this was given by a humble layman to a little boy at whose father's house he had been entertained over night. That boy was Richard Baxter, and the book was the means of his conversion. Baxter wrote his "Call to the Unconverted," and among the multitudes led to Christ by it was Philip Doddridge. Doddridge wrote the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and "the time would fail us to tell" its blessed influence. By it Wilberforce was converted, and of his life and labors volumes could be written. Wilber-

force wrote his "Practical View of Christianity," and this led not only Dr. Chalmers into the truth, but Leigh Richmond to Christ. Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been published in a hundred languages and over five million copies have been sold.

Carey's compassion for benighted men was first awakened by reading Cook's "Voyage Round the World." Buchanan's "Star in the East" led Judson to be a missionary, and untold has been the influence of the apostle of Burma in heathen lands and at home. Some one has said, "The debt of literature to Christ is that of vegetation to light," and so we may say that all helpful and religious books derive their potency from the Book of books, the Holy Bible, which is able to make us wise unto salvation. — Rev. John Gordon.

THE BISHOP AND THE BABY.

A poor little pale-faced baby,
Lost and hungry and cold,
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet
cheeks
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.

For just when the busy people
Were hurrying here and yon,
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,
But lifted pitiful eyes
At the crowds of careless strangers,
At the gray indifferent skies.

Jostled and pushed and frightened,
A tiny waif of the street,
With the wintry darkness falling,
And the snow-flakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great kind giant;
With swinging stride he came.
Even then the angels in heaven
Wrote Saint before his name.

From the height of his splendid stature
He stooped to the little maid,
Lifted her up in tender arms,
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,
She clung like a soft spring flower.
That a breeze had caught and carried
To a strong and sheltering tower.

In his thick warm coat he wrapped her,
The little shivering child.
"I'll find your mother, baby,"
The Bishop said, and smiled.

That smile like a flash of the sunrise —
"Tis but a memory dim,
For the years are hastening onward,
And we are mourning him.

The white cold snows are drifting
Where today he lies asleep.
After his life's long warfare
The soldier's rest is deep.

But of dear things said about him,
Of victories that he won,
No sweetest tale is told than this,
Of his grace to a little one.

— MARGARET E. BANGSTEN, in Harper's Bazaar.

MRS. BABCOCK'S OUTING.

MRS. BABCOCK had been induced to lay aside her many tasks, and take a day's rest. She had spent the whole day with a cousin in a neighboring town — a most unusual event — and after her return the assembled family listened with interest to her account of the day's adventures.

"Well, I started from here on the electric cars, and I guess it's a toler'ble pretty ride. Folks say it is; but I declare I didn't see much of it. There was a younger goin' up to school, and he stood in front of me, on what they call the running board, and I was so afraid he'd get his head knocked off, by the post that I couldn't take my eyes off of him. He come within a foot of 'em every time, and my heart beat so lookin' at him [that] I didn't take any comfort."

"But, how did you find Cousin Anne?" asked one.

"Oh, she was well. I didn't get there till noon. The cars broke down, and we had to wait three hours in the hot sun before we could get goin' again. I dozed a little at first, but there was a woman with a baby next to me, and I gave it a button hook to keep it quiet, and I was so worried for fear it would get that hook in its eyes that I didn't take a minute's peace."

"Weren't they surprised to see you?" asked another.

"Well, yes; and pretty glad, too; for the youngest one of the children had got a bug in his ear, and they didn't know how to get it out. Anne was determined to try to haul it out with a crochet hook; and we all got pretty tired and nervous until I thought about oil, and then we got it all right."

"Cousin Cy drove you home. You must have liked that."

"Well, yes; now it is over, I suppose I can say I did; but he harnessed up that Bangor colt, and you know the way he has of kicking the gravel up. I had to keep my eyes shut most all the way, so I didn't seem to sense the scenery. I asked Cy if the colt was safe, and he tried to make me comfortable by sayin' he wasn't just the kind of an animal for an old lady to drive round the depot in a box buggy, but he was real smart to go. I guess I enjoyed gettin' out 'bout as well as I did gettin' in."

"Well, mother," said Mr. Babcock, "I am afraid you didn't have a good change."

"Oh, yes," was the cheery reply. "Plenty of change. I don't believe I could 'a' stood any more change; but when it comes to gettin' actual rest, I guess next time I'll take a good dose of valerian and go to bed. I guess I'd stand a better chance." — Youth's Companion.

ABOUT MAKING CALLS.

"SESAME!" a bright girl had nicknamed an older friend, because at her approach all doors flew open. "Why is it," she asked her one day, "not that people are so glad to see you, but that you are willing to spend so much time upon them?"

The sweet-faced young woman replied: "I have no special talent like so many of my friends. I cannot write, nor teach, nor paint. There is no necessity for my earning money, nor any urgent demands upon my time. So perhaps my work in the world is just going about seeing people."

Possibly Frank Stockton had her in his mind when he said there should be sisterhoods of listeners, the members of which, like good angels, should go out among those unfortunate who have none to hear that which it would give them so much delight to say. "How many sick-beds," he sighs, "how many cheerless lives, how many lonely, depressed and silent women might be gladdened and transformed by one who would come to listen to tales of suffering and trial! An almost unknown joy would be given to the world."

Far different is the motive of most young ladies, who, with their silver-mounted card-cases and their Tiffany squares of cardboard, go about among the houses of their acquaintances. "I have owed her a call for a year," "I want to see her new wall-paper," "I hope she will be out," are some of the comments upon one side of the door; while within, "Oh, why did she come today?" "I am too busy," "I hope she has not worn that green bonnet!"

Yet everybody welcomed Sesame; and she, on her part, found visiting most delightful. What was her secret? In the first place she really liked people, and nobody was so commonplace but she found something original and attractive in her. She never stayed too long and she never talked too much. She did not introduce her own interests, but took the tone of the persons she was with. She led them to talk about their work, their studies, their children; yet in a pause she was ready with a bright anecdote, or a bit of pleasant news, or the offer of the loan of a new book. She never went away without giving some word of praise or encouragement, or saying how much she had enjoyed her call. She was liberal, too, and did not insist that every one of her visits be promptly returned. A busy young writer, who has known the subtlety of suffering, recently protested that it was impossible to keep her calling list balanced, and yet everywhere she met with the cry, "Pay back. Pay what thou owest. Pay, pay to the utmost obligation."

Sesame understands how to receive calls as well as how to make them. She avoids all mention of servants and the kitchen, and the ruffles she has made. She has a new photograph to show, or a pretty bouquet to divide, or perhaps a saucer of salted almonds to aid sociability.

"Perhaps it is something," she says to herself, when her friends show her the work of their hands or brain, "just to make people happier!"

It is more than something. It is woman's mission, and those who thus come in helpful, sympathetic contact with the individuals of society are discharging an immediate personal obligation, an obligation which is not discharged by philanthropic committees or by financial contributions to a good cause. — LUCY ELLIOT KEELEH, in Congregationalist.

Little folks.

BOYS AND MOTHERS.

SCHOOL out! Shout, scream, jump, race, wrestle, — everything by which boys let out their joy at being no longer quiet!

"Let's go up the hill for nuts," was the cry.

"Yes — let's."

"You come too, Cliff," as one boy worked himself out of the small crowd just let loose from the country school-house and went out of the yard.

"No, I can't."

"Why not? We'll have lots of fun."

"I'd like to." Cliff cast a longing look up the hill shining with the scarlet and gold of autumn. Very well he knew the fun of hearing the brown nuts rattle down an accompaniment to the shouts of merry boys.

"Come on, then."

For a moment Cliff wavered, then braced up.

"No," he said. "My mother'll be looking out for me. She always feels a little afraid about the bridge, and if I'm not at home just at the time she gets frightened."

"Pshaw!" cried Tom Barnes, with a sniff. "As if I'd be tied to my mother as you are. I can't go up the hill 'cause my foot hasn't got over the sprain and it hurts. But, if I could, I'd go, mother or no mother."

Cliff was angry, and cast about for something sharp enough to say.

"Perhaps I would if I had such a mother as yours."

"What's that?" cried Tom, flinging up.

"I say," answered Cliff, delighted at seeing the effect of his words, "that if I had such a mother as yours I suppose I'd do just as you do. But I wouldn't have such a one. I wouldn't have a mother that wasn't worth minding."

Cliff had multiplied his words, flinging them out with more and more relish at Tom's anger. He now turned and ran away with a laugh.

With a shriek of rage Tom started to follow him, but was soon forced by the pain in his foot to stop. As he continued to shout his anger after the enemy, the teacher came from the school-house and went towards him. The other boys were by this time beyond hearing.

"Did you hear him, Miss Morse? Did you hear what he said? I'll thrash him tomorrow," doubling up his fists, "till he takes every word of it back. And won't you punish him, too?"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Morse,

drawing the boy to a step and sitting down beside him. "What did he say?"

"He said — why, he said," said Tom, in his excitement not really remembering exactly what had been said, "he said that my mother wasn't a good woman."

"I didn't hear that, and I could hear it all through the open window."

"Well, he said he wouldn't — wouldn't like to have a mother like mine."

"Not exactly that, either. I heard him say he wouldn't have a mother that was worth minding. And I don't know, Tom, but I agree with him. I shouldn't like that kind myself."

"And who says my mother isn't worth minding?" said Tom, bristling again.

"Well, don't you?"

"No. I never said such a thing in my life."

"See here, Tom" — Miss Morse smoothed the boy's hair and fanned his hot face with his hat — "don't you ever stop to think that there are different ways of saying things — that our actions speak as loudly as our words? More loudly, I should say, for we can say what is not true, but we do show really what we are and what we think. Now, how does anybody know your mother is worth obeying? Do they learn it from you?"

Tom stared for a moment at his teacher, then gave a low whistle. She sat in silence while one new thought after another crowded upon his mind.

How did anybody know it, anyhow? Tom had never really intended to be undutiful to his gentle little mother, who indulged him far more than was good for him. Now he recalled the morning chores she asked of him. If he felt like doing them they were done, but more often they were left for some one else. If there was nothing "up" among the boys after school, he needed her mildly-expressed wish that he should come home promptly; otherwise he stayed out as long as he pleased. No, certainly, nobody would know from him that his mother was worth obeying.

"I don't know Cliff's mother," went on Miss Morse, "because I haven't been here very long, and it is quite a walk to their house. But I want to know her, for I feel sure from what I have seen of Cliff that she must be a good woman. When you see a boy ready to think of this mother, anxious to keep her from anxiety, willing to give up a pleasure rather than run the risk of distressing her, I can give a pretty good guess what she must be."

Tom colored deeply. "My mother's good," he growled, under his breath.

"I haven't a doubt of it, my boy. But how are people to know it through you, unless you are? People will judge her by you. If you do not honor her by obedience, how can you wonder at their thinking that, as Cliff expressed it, she is not worth minding?"

"But she is!" exclaimed Tom, firing up again.

"I wish more boys would remember," said Miss Morse, gently, after another little pause, "what joy and comfort they can be to their mothers if they will. And oh, that they would remember it while they have time! There must come a time, you know, when their voices will be hushed. Our words can never reach them when the sod is between them and us, no matter how we ache and ache to tell them how we did love, love them, in spite of all our careless ways."

Tom set his lips hard together as he choked down a lump in his throat.

"And I think those of us whose mothers are mild and quiet, not sharp and loud, but low-voiced in their way of letting us know what they want of us — we ought to feel special tenderness for them, don't you?"

"Yes'm, I do," said Tom, getting up.

"Good-bye."

"Why, Tommy, you're home so early," said his mother, looking up with a pleased smile as he entered the room at home. Tom liked the smile; it was so different from the troubled look with which she usually met his home-comings.

"Yes — 'cause," he began, in the embarrassment of the new feeling which he did not like to show, "my foot hurt — and — say, mother," with a burst, "I'm coming home when you want me to. Every time."

"Are you, dear? Well, that will be great comfort to mother."

She looked after him as he went about some small duties neglected for days, and there was a mist in her eyes along with the smile as she thought:

"The dear boy will forget it all before long. But it's good to have him think it."

Cliff, arriving home, found the house quiet and his mother away. It was disappointing, and he growled a little.

"There, now! I might have stayed with the boys just as well as not."

And the feeling stayed with him as the lonely evening dragged on and she did not come home until late. But the last of it went out of his heart when she said:

"My good boy! I had to go to your aunt, who is ill. But I should not have had an easy moment if I had not felt sure you would be at home just when I expected you."

Tom did not offer Cliff the threatened thrashing. Indeed, it seemed from that day on to so much of his time and energy to show that his mother was as well worth minding as Cliff's mother, as to leave little opportunity for quarreling with anybody.

And Cliff never knew the effect which his brave stand for duty to his mother had had upon one of his mates. For some of us is ordered the joy of seeing the blessing following one good word or work; but for most is simply the faith, not to be changed to sight until we reach the great hereafter, that our good must surely reach into the lives of those about us. — SYDNE DAYNE,

Editorial.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

IFE is the profoundest mystery of the universe. It is all about us and in us; it not only gives significance to all else, it is ourselves; and yet we are unable to comprehend its meaning and mysteries. The course of a human soul through this span of existence can be brought home to us only in figure of speech. To Wesley it was like the passage of an arrow through the air, while Bunyan fruitfully studied it as a journey. To people along the seaboard the lesson comes involuntarily in the shape of a passage over the ocean. In making the voyage of our human life, we move out upon a sea more mysterious and perilous than that over which Columbus sailed in his search for the new world. We are all first voyagers. Though many have passed before us, we have never been this way before; we can never repeat the voyage. If our fortune is ever made, is must be made in the first trip.

The great currents of our life are largely shaped by a supreme Providence. The storms and waves are in a Divine Hand; the most important features in our earthly existence are shaped for us. We are born into certain conditions, out of which it is not usually possible for us to rise. There are limits to our knowledge, to our experience, to our capacities, to our opportunities. The trade-winds sometimes bear us on easily in a good voyage; while again, in the storms encountered, we suffer shipwreck. On the great seas the prize is not always to the strong or wise; chance seems to have a great part in the game. But this one thing is clear to us—the limitations of our mortal life.

The inevitableness of the voyage cannot fail to come home to a thoughtful mind. Whether we will or not, our names are taken down and we are hastened on board. The question of enlistment is not open; we were born to service; for better, for worse, the voyage is inevitable. We must set sail and go on to the end.

The perils of the sea of probation are innumerable and unspeakable. There are calms and storms; there are hidden rocks, and blasts to drive our barques upon them. But evil and fateful as are our conditions, many a safe and satisfactory voyage is made by due preparation and watchfulness by the way. There are lights at danger-points and carefully-prepared charts to guide our movements. Each wasted life is a warning to us to avoid places of danger. In the great Book we have a chart of the sea with a buoy to indicate the place of each dangerous rock. With this Book in hand, and with constant vigilance, we may feel reasonably secure of a good voyage.

The opening year makes a new starting-point in the life voyage. Each new year marks off a section in the passage. We do not make a stop in crossing the annual line; we simply, from our place on board, hail those ashore and then sail on into the darkness of the coming year. We know not what is ahead. Duty is ours; destiny is in the hands of God. In the future, as in the past, ours must be a life of trust. We cannot know; it is best we cannot; enough for us that no true and brave heart can fail to accomplish God's will. Ye are mariners of Providence; be loyal to the Captain; be sober, be vigilant, be courageous in every attack on the enemy, and in making up the prizes at the end of the voyage you will not be forgotten by the great Captain of our salvation.

THE LESSONS OF THE DEPARTING YEAR.

TIME is our most sagacious teacher, often giving out difficult lessons, but correcting in a gentle yet efficacious way our errors both of theory and practice. Long ago was it said that "days speak and multitude of years teach wisdom." The year now passing from our grasp leaves behind its lessons for both individuals and masses of men. The drill has been constant and at points severe.

Our most impressive lesson comes through the protracted and severe industrial depression. In breadth of field and intensity the hard times have been unexampled. The whole nation has felt the pressure. The wail of distress has been heard with more or less distinctness around the globe. The nations as never before are in touch with each other; they participate in each other's joy and sorrow; the trouble of one is the trouble of all. None of the great nations live in apartments by themselves; the civilized world has become a sort of cosmopolitan commonwealth, with a common life

and interest. If one member in this supreme body suffer, all the members share the suffering. Steam and electricity, by bringing the world together, have taught all men to be brothers. We cannot shift our burden upon other shoulders without making it doubly heavy upon our own. The robbing of Peter no longer helps Paul; Paul can find effectual help only in helping Peter. The true interests of men are pooled. The East, West and South must afford mutual aid. Wealth cannot skulk off alone and enjoy its treasures; the teaching and imperative demand of the hour is that the better conditioned members of society lift their poor brother to a share in the blessings they themselves enjoy. A large depressed class will be a millstone, sure in the end to sink the better class in perdition and destroy our civilization.

As was inevitable, the severe industrial depression resulted in widespread unrest in the labor world. The labor uprisings of last year were followed, during the past autumn, by the greatest political revolution in our history. A party borne two years ago, in triumph, on the shoulders of the people, was hurled with a vengeance from the high places of power. The lessons of these later elections have been most encouraging to a free people. We were told that party and bosses, instead of the people, controlled the destinies of the country, especially in congested centres of population. There were many facts to confirm this view. Our metropolitan city had for years been held by a nefarious ring of thieves, from which the optimist citizens had struggled in vain to get free. By many the cause was abandoned on the plea that nothing could be done. But the elections of the past two years have unmistakably revealed the people, to whom bosses and parties must give account. Idols considered sacred and supreme have been unceremoniously smashed. The uprising of loyalty in every part of the republic is the most encouraging lesson of the year. It has given new assurance of the capacity of the people for self-government.

In the great overturn the churches have been deeply affected, but in a totally new direction. Instead of the powerful revivals of other periods, they have experienced a revival of loyalty. They have come to feel that they owe something to the town or city, to the state or nation, in which they live. Many of the loyal organizations of the time sprang out of the church. It is significant that Dr. King leads in a great patriotic organization, and that another minister, Dr. Parkhurst, has immortalized his name by his death-grapple with Tammany. The tiger the city was not able to control was slain by this new giant-killer.

The churches have become interested as never before in the material and social condition of the poor. They have waked up to the fact that classes of the population must be reached by new methods. We must touch the poor. It is a hand-to-hand work. To be saved permanently they must be lifted from their condition and put in a way of self-help. Charity makes paupers of people. To be self-respecting, they must be self-helpful. It is easier to dole out a charity than to correct the tastes and habits which hold your neighbor in the toils of poverty. The church is coming into deep sympathy with schemes which deal with the causes of poverty, the removal of which is the only sure and permanent cure. We regard this new direction given to religious activity as one of the most hopeful signs of the times, full of encouragement for the future well-being of the American people. By well-directed effort the churches may, in the course of a few years, work a complete revolution in the character and conditions of the people of the whole land.

The reverses in our industries made a sad spectacle. But in the carcass of this dead lion we are finding stores of pure honey, which may, in the end, prove an ample compensation for our trouble. That all are learning by the things we have suffered, is a most encouraging fact.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

THE Boston Municipal League, at its semi-annual meeting on Wednesday evening last, discussed reform of city government, making a special feature of proportional representation. This provision for permitting the minority parties to have a voice in legislation was advocated by Charles Francis Adams, William Lloyd Garrison, William D. McCracken and Moorfield Storey. It is well that this agitation is made, and there will be great interest attaching to the measure for practical reform which the League will present at the coming session of the Legislature. Provision for representation of the minority is one of the most scientific measures which can be inserted in a constitution for

a government by the people, because ours is a popular government, we make our progress by means of the ideas which are held by the people, and it is only reasonable, considering the municipal government as a means for promoting the soundest and fastest development of the community, to permit all promising ideas to be heard. Wisdom can be gathered from all sources, and it is likely that the minority will have ideas good for the well-being of the city, as well as the majority. It is not questioned that the minority is as patriotic as the majority, and it is a fact in our progress that there is a time in the development of all the ideas which are embodied in our government when they are held by a minority only. They are perceived at first, perhaps by one alone, communicated by him to others, and thus spread through the entire mass of people by their innate convincing force.

Other benefits will follow the introduction of proportional representation than the more rapid spread of new and broader ideas of political relations.

By giving a voice to hitherto dumb minorities there will probably be sent to the city legislature men of high character with the seal of reformers.

They will probably be men of high moral sense and strong wills who will not be likely to pass over in silence any acts of the majority which ought to be challenged.

Majorities are liable to abuse their power; but if there were more men of ideas and character, not of the majority, who were disposed to challenge any measures of suspicious aspect, it would surely be for the benefit of the city.

It is to be understood that this reform relates to municipal government alone; it is not yet proposed to apply it to State administration.

Some of the details of the plan which will be recommended by the League may well be closely scrutinized before they are approved.

One of the changes proposed is the abolition of the common council and the substitution of a single legislative body.

Much is to be said in favor of two legislative chambers, even for a city,

while the benefits of two branches over one in the State government is so great that it would be a serious error to substitute uni-camera government.

The view of Mr. Adams that a municipality is a business corporation and is to be managed like any business corporation by a board of directors, and that it is not at all a body politic, must be taken with modifications, for the mass of the people are not like the stockholders of a business corporation, and the population in some of our large cities is greater than in many bodies which exercise the full powers of a body politic.

Popular government in cities, though dealing with business questions, is yet so much of a political concern that the type of the corporation for business alone ought not to be followed.

While the benefits of minority representation are to be admitted and secured, as far as possible, yet there is another side to the case which the reformers have not brought out at all.

The reform which Mr. Adams advocates will most certainly not come through his method alone.

The development of the ward boss is not the consequence alone of the division of the cities into wards.

It is as easy to overthrow a ward boss as it is a city boss.

Boston has had the election of aldermen on a general ticket, and disliked it because it put all the board into the hands of one party and shut out the Republicans entirely.

She has had election by wards, and disliked that because it led to local bargains and the election of small men, not big enough for the city.

"They stood awhile on one foot fast,
Then stood awhile on t'other,
And on which one they felt the wust
They couldn't ha' told ye nuther."

Perhaps the present welcome revival of the popular conscience in the duties of good citizenship will bring the relief from bad city government. Nothing but a higher consecration to public duties will conquer the present evils. No amount of cunning machinery, proportional representation, or any other device, will make good government possible if the people neglect their political duties the way they have been neglected in late years by our citizens. The remedy is in their own hands. A flood of light is thrown on the situation by the uprising in New York for good government. It has proved beyond dispute that the decent people of any city can have good government any time they want it. There is no occasion for an overturn once in ten or fifteen years to be followed by a relapse into the former corruption. Clean administrations can be made perpetual. The people have always had the power in New York which they have today. Not a voter counts for any more now than he did five years ago. He is just one, has been one, always will be one, having one vote. The rascals on the other side count no more than one each. The so-called good citizens of the city, who are making this prodigious stir, have been very bad citizens. They have neglected their public duties. They have permitted the election of corrupt men. They have preferred to stand by their national parties rather than permit the defeat of what ought to be a mere empty name in municipal affairs in order that good government might be secured. They deserve all the plundering they have suffered, and while the world will rejoice in the discomfiture of the wicked, there can be no pity for their victims, because they were willing victims.

It is possible at any time in politics to keep corrupt men out of office, for the people who have at heart good government are far more numerous than those who are seeking office for the spoils. But the spoils-hunters are persistent,

working day and night. It is only by equally persistent effort that they can be beaten. Yet it need not be a hard matter. Surely the decent voters can take enough interest in politics to see that only good men are nominated, or, if the other sort do capture a nomination, to turn out and vote for good men against them. It is no great task which is required to secure honest administration. But there seems to be a spirit of aristocratic pride among reformers which fails to realize the true situation. There is no voting in municipal elections by amount of holdings of stock. No proxies can be secured. The fate of the day cannot be fixed up in some bank office, but it is decided at the polls. Proportional representation is a good thing, but there will be no permanent reform until the honest voters habitually combine against the spoils-hunters and until they turn out to the polls in their full force. Steadfast and unselfish interest in the government will make it capable and clean. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the same coin will buy a government which will serve faithfully the interests of the citizens.

CURRENT THOUGHT FOR DECEMBER.

BROWSING among December books is like strolling through a June flower-garden. Among so many and bright-colored blossoms one hardly knows what to pull. The holiday book counter seems one blaze of color and attraction, from the juveniles to the dictionaries. Striking titles, handsome designs, new and tasteful bindings, piled upon piles of blue and gold and cream, combine to delight and bewilder the eye and perplex the judgment. It seems as if the publishers had reserved, not only the best, but all the wine until the last of the feast.

That the holiday season is the best time to put out any kind of book whatsoever, seems to be the common conviction of American publishers—at least, if one may judge from the wide range and miscellaneous character of the holiday books of 1894. It used to be considered the season for pictorials, juveniles and *editions de luxe* of the classics exclusively. But now we have everything, and the best of everything, just at Christmas time. Take, for instance,

Biography.

The Scribners have issued three notable volumes: "The Sherman Letters," embodying the correspondence between General and Senator Sherman from 1837 to 1891, edited by Rachel Sherman Thorndike; "Life and Letters of Erasmus," by James A. Froude; and "Threescore and Ten Years," a volume of recollections by W. J. Linton.

Houghton & Mifflin publish the "star" volume of biography for the month, in the "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier," edited by Samuel T. Pickard. The "Life and Inventions of Thomas A. Edison," by W. K. L. Dickson and Antonia Dickson, is bound to be one of the most popular books of the year; for every American is an ardent admirer of the great inventor. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) "Three Heroines of New England Roinance"—Priscilla, Agnes Surridge, and Martha Hilton—is a charming volume, dealing with the courtship and marriage of three famous Puritan maidens. (Little, Brown & Co.) Another delightful book, of kindred character to the foregoing, is "Colonial Days and Dames," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) The "Recollections of Edwin Booth," by his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman, will be widely read. (Century Co.) A very good volume in the "Heroes of the Nations" series (Putnam), to happen upon holiday publication, is Noah Brooks' "Abraham Lincoln." The most delightful book upon Thackeray which has appeared since his own "Letters," is Mrs. Ritchie's "Witches' Cauldron," or chapters from some unwritten memoirs. We advise every lover of the great novelist to read this delightful book by his own daughter. (Harper & Bros.) Mr. William Winter's "Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson" is also issued as a holiday book. (Macmillan & Co.)

Charming in title and substance are the graceful volumes of

Essays

which our enterprising publishers have reserved for holiday publication. Who would not be attracted to such tempting volumes as "In the Dose Hours," by Agnes Repplier (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "The World Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting (Roberts Bros.); and "My Study Fire," by Hamilton Wright Mabie? (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Then, for spicy title, take Mr. John Phillips' "The Natural History of Hell;" and for helpful suggestion, "Forty Wits necessary to Success," by Charles Townsend. (Randolph & Co.) Strong, dignified and noble essays are Sir John Lubbock's "The Use of Life," and Frederic Harrison's "The Meaning of History." (Macmillan & Co.) In lighter, sketchy vein are: "The Birds' Calendar," by H. E. Parkhurst (Scribners); "In Bird Land," by Leander S. Keyser (McClurg & Co.); "A Hilltop Summer," by Alyn Yates Keith (Lee & Shepard); and "An Imagined World," by Edward Garnett (Macmillan & Co.). Charming in its literary suggestiveness is Mr. Beverley C. Warner's "English History in Shakespeare's Plays" (Longmans, Green & Co.), and trenchant and instructive Dean Hole's "More Memories," or "Thoughts about England spoken in America" (Macmillan & Co.). In the way of literary reminiscences, Mrs. James T. Fields' "A Shelf of Old Books" will rank among the leading books of the year. A volume with a real old-time flavor, and written in a delightful style, is "The Old Meeting-

House," by William Root Bliss. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

But we must not dwell too long upon these charming holiday essays, for we ought to give more than a word to the

Notable Verse

which, each year, seems to choose mid-winter for its blossoming-time. Of quite unusual excellence, interest and charm is the volume with its winning title of "Life Songs," by Theron Brown, one of the sweetest of our minor singers. Here is indeed a collection of those "Songs of the Heart," which touch and comfort with their lyric sweetness. It deserves, and doubtless will have, a wide reading among lovers of genuine and unaffected American poetry. (Lee & Shepard.) Houghton & Mifflin bring out a special holiday edition of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Last Leaf," illustrated by F. Hopkinson Smith and George Wharton Edwards. The same publishers issue "Unguarded Gates, and Other Poems," by T. B. Aldrich, containing most that this graceful poet has produced during the past six years; and also "In Sunshine Land," a volume of poems for young people, by Edith M. Thomas. Frank L. Stanton's "Songs of the Soil" is a volume of verse which will touch the heart of the people. (D. Appleton & Co.) Mr. Harrison S. Morris has written some of the really artistic magazine verse of the day, and his volume, "Madonna, and Other Poems," published by the Lippincott's, is the first collection of these gems.

Among the

Religious Books

of the month should be mentioned, as of especial interest and value, Dr. Alexander Bruce's thoughtful volume entitled, "St. Paul's Conception of Christianity." It is a book which should be in the hands of every clergyman and every student of the Bible. (Scribner's.) One of the most forcible applications of gospel truth which we have seen in many a day is Mr. William Burnet Wright's "Master and Men; or, The Sermon on the Mountain Practiced on the Plain." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Volumes of a more devotional character are: "The Victory of Our Faith," by Anne Robertson Brown (Crowell & Co.), and "The Master's Guide for His Disciples" (Whittaker).

History

is being popularized as never before. Even the titles of our modern historical books show this. How many of them are "stories" of the nations and the wars and the great social movements! Here, for instance, is the first volume of "The Story of the Civil War," by John Codman Ropes. (Putnam's.) The same publishers make the history of the fall of the Roman Republic as fascinating to the ordinary reader as romance, in J. L. Strachan-Davidson's story of "Cleopatra." A master in this craft is Hesekiah Butterworth, whose "Patriot Schoolmaster," just issued by Appleton & Co., is as interesting in its description of Samuel Adams and his times as any juvenile story in the remarkably attractive catalogue of modern juveniles.

A few of the most popular and interesting

Novels

of the month are Mrs. Burton Harrison's "A Bachelor Maid" (Century Co.); "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian Maclaren (Dodd, Mead & Co.); "The People of the Mist," by H. Rider Haggard (Longmans, Green & Co.); and "Philip and His Wife," by Margaret Deland. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A few of the striking articles in the

Christmas Magazines

are a paper on the relations of science and religion in the December *Century*; Mr. Scudder's paper on Holmes in the *Atlantic*; Mr. Monkhouse's article on the artist, George Frederick Watts, in *Scribner's*; and Mrs. Spofford's choice Christmas story in *Harper's*.

Extension.

In response to an urgent, and what seems a reasonable, request, the "Three Premium Tours" offer will remain open for competition until the first of February next. It is represented that a goodly number of new subscribers can be secured during the month of January, and that these should be included in the special effort which is being made to increase the list. No further extension will be granted. The awards will be made upon the number of subscribers received at this office before the first day of February.

Personals.

— Mr. Gladstone will celebrate his 85th birthday, Dec. 29.

— Dr. Luella Masters, of Foochow, China, has been cabled home on account of the serious illness of her father at Thornton, Ind.

— Gen. Booth spoke in the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake, and an immense audience heard him tell his interesting theories and slum experiences.

— Rev. Dr. Dickie, the new American pastor at Berlin, recently of Detroit, and his wife, held their first reception recently at Ambassador Runyon's residence.

— Rev. Dr. Levi Gilbert, of the First M. E. Church, Cleveland, spoke from the same platform the same evening with the Catholic Bishop Watterson at the State convention of the anti-saloon delegates last week. Both men

were loudly applauded and awakened great enthusiasm.

— Mr. Humphry Ward is to make a tour in the United States, lecturing on art and artists. He will start after Christmas. It is said that Mrs. Ward will accompany him.

— Rev. A. J. Palmer, D. D., of St. Paul's Church, New York, called at this office last week on the way to Lawrence to deliver his lecture on the "Die-No-Mores."

— Rev. Nelson A. Depew, of the Central New York Conference, celebrated his 51st birthday on Dec. 12. On Dec. 16 he and his good wife enjoyed the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding.

— When Dr. Adoniram Judson was dying, he said: "I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised, but it came."

— Hon. James O. Lyford, a prominent candidate for speaker of the New Hampshire Legislature, is president of the Alumni Association of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary.

— Rev. J. W. Eaton, D. D., of Albany, formerly presiding elder of the Albany District, is to supply the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, San Mateo, Fla., during the present winter.

— Dr. Henry A. Buttz, president of Drew Theological Seminary, has accepted the invitation of the School of Theology of Boston University to deliver the annual Matriculation Day address next autumn.

— Rev. Samuel Meredith died at Stillwater, N. Y., Dec. 16. He held the position of presiding elder for fourteen years—two terms in the Saratoga District, and the remainder in the Albany District. He entered the ministry at the age of seventeen years.

— The Littleton (N. H.) *Republican Journal* says: "It is understood from Concord report that Rev. J. E. Robins of that city is named for chaplain of the incoming Legislature—an appointment which the people of this section would receive with particular pleasure."

— Rev. E. T. Curnick, pastor of Worthen St. Church, Lowell, had a severe fall on the ice a short time ago, which has so greatly disturbed his nervous system that he has deemed it best to seek rest and restoration at Clifton Springs, N. Y. We hope he may soon be able to return to his work.

— Bishop Newman delivered a lecture at First Church, Omaha, recently. The next day the *Bees* contained an account of the lecture, and, among other nice things, said: "The presence and residence in Omaha of a man like Bishop J. P. Newman of the M. E. Church adds greatly to the importance and repute of the city."

— We are quite surprised at the announcement that Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, is elected to the Bartlett professorship in Andover Seminary. A remarkable acquisition would he be to the institution, but so eminent has he become in the pastorate that we cannot think of him as leaving the church where he is so greatly beloved and admired.

— A reception was given Rev. Dr. James Newton Shaffer on Friday evening, Dec. 21, being 83 years old on that day, at the home of his son, Dr. Newton M. Shaffer, at 28 East 38th St., New York city, which was largely attended by representative Methodists of the city and suburbs. Dr. Shaffer senior has been a member of the New York Conference for sixty years, and is greatly revered and beloved.

— We are greatly pained to announce that Wilbur F. Brann, Esq., of Bangor, Me., dropped dead in his home on Friday evening last. Possessed of considerable wealth, for many years he has been one of the chief supporters of Grace Church in that city. He was a man of strong opinions, warm-hearted, and full of energy. He leaves a wife, one son (now in Colorado), and a daughter who is the wife of George Rich of the Boston *Journal*. Mrs. A. T. Helmerson and Mrs. W. W. Marsh, both wives of ministers, were his sisters. He leaves an aged mother who has lived with him for many years. He was at the head of the grocery firm of Charles Hayward & Co.

— Dr. Cuyler, in the last *Evangelist*, re-utters the following forceful facts: "In Paris every stranger goes to see the splendid mausoleum of the great Emperor who won his many victories because he was generally—as he said—'fifteen minutes ahead of the enemy in every move on the battle-field.' France has never reared a monument to poor Marshal Grouchy; his failure to bring up his men on time cost the ruin of the empire at Waterloo. The venerable artist, Rembrandt Peale, told me that in his youth he painted the portrait of Washington. Grand old Peter Patrion always entered his studio while the State House clock was striking eight. My readers may be familiar with his answer to the tardy secretary who apologized for his delay by saying, 'My watch is out of order.' 'Then,' replied Washington, 'you must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary.' The two qualities which contributed the most to Washington's success in life were prudence and promptness."

— Rev. D. B. Randall, D. D., writes from Portland, Me.: "I was interested in the extract from the letter of Dr. Trafton in the *HERALD* of the 19th inst. I well remember the Conference at Hallowell in 1881 when Mark Trafton was 'boasted upon the itinerant bicycle.' I endorse the suggestion to visit Bro. Husted on his 90th birthday, although the event will have passed before this appears. Bro. Husted and myself were true yoke-fellows. We toiled in

harmony. The Conference was sorry to have him leave for another Conference. As he was not to the manner born, but came to the Conference from the New York Conference in 1838, the Conference could not claim the right to hold him as it otherwise might. Dr. Trafton is mistaken in saying that Bro. Husted and myself are the only two remaining of the one hundred who were members of that Conference. Rev. Jesse Stone, now living in Wells (P. O. address, North Berwick), at the age of 92, was a member of that Conference, and is now the oldest member of the Maine Conference. But we will soon be gone. More than 87 years of my life have already gone. To die is not the worst thing that a Methodist minister can do. The good man dies to live forever in glory."

— Under the editorial caption of "Dr. Bushnell's Greatest Sermon," the *New York Observer* says: "On the morning of Feb. 23, in the year 1841, Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell preached a sermon in the Congregational church at Hartford, Conn., from this text: 'Then went in also that other disciple.' His subject was the secret and involuntary influence of every one. The sermon has been published, and is one of the most original and stimulating of many which were preached by that great thinker. Among the hearers that Sunday morning was a bright young man preparing to enter Yale College. Forty-four years afterwards this man, now grown to sixty years of age, gave a copy of Bushnell's sermons to a young English friend and wrote: 'I remember hearing the remarkable one upon "Unconscious Influence." I think it influenced my whole life.' The young hearer was Charles Loring Brace, who devoted his life to the task of relieving misery, preventing crime and ameliorating the condition of the poor and degraded in New York city for nearly forty years."

— Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, is at work upon a book. The subject is not announced, but is believed to have some relation to city government. The *Congregationalist*, in speaking of this distinguished man, says very fittingly and justly:—

"He is so often portrayed as a fierce hunter plunging his sword into the tiger, a St. Michael with his foot on the dragon. He has certainly shown himself a valiant soldier, or, better, a far-seeing general, himself in the thickest of the battle, but there is a deeper, gentler side to his character, a soul of courtesy and kindness which not all recognize. His great heart of sympathy for all who are unhappy was shown one day when a miserable woman came into his parlor. Not one of the *elite*, nor of the elect, only a wretched sinner, who had been driven into the street the night before. She had been told that Dr. Parkhurst was the cause of her trouble, and came to abuse him with all the power of her waspish tongue. Her bold, hard face, battered by many a street encounter, was very defiant and curses were on her lips, but in five minutes she was crying, repentant. As she said over and over again in later weeks when she was struggling against sin, 'My own brother could not have been kinder.'

Brieflets.

As the paper must be prepared for press a day earlier than usual, some current matter is necessarily laid over until next week.

The next meeting of the Boston Methodist Social Union will be a ladies' night, with Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances Willard as guests. The meeting will be held January 26.

We congratulate Rev. Wellesley W. Bowditch, D. D., of Brooklyn, on the completion of the church enterprise which he has managed so successfully. Embury Church, which is a spacious and elegant affair, was dedicated Dec. 23. The whole expense was upwards of \$100,000, and it was confidently expected that it would be dedicated free of debt.

The *Northwestern* writes a long editorial to inform its ministerial constituency that it is a physical impossibility to comply with the formal request that essays and sermons be printed in its columns. Among much else that we should like to quote, our esteemed contemporary says: "It is, of course, impossible to construe the votes to print as an instruction to the editors to print without fail, under pain and penalties. Otherwise half, or more than half, our space would be filled by these essays. We now have a pile on hand, and others are on their way to us, which we are physically unable to print. That inability does not need demonstration. No newspaper on earth can be edited in that way."

The sixth anniversary of the American Sabbath Union, which was held in New York city, Dec. 9 and 10, was an occasion of unusual interest. The anniversary sermon by Bishop Andrews and the addresses and papers at the different sessions were of a very high order. The report of the general secretary, Rev. Dr. J. H. Knowles, was a suggestive review of Sabbath observance in the different States. The paper by Rev. Dr. George S. Mott, president of the Union, on "Sunday Travel on Railroads," was a thorough discussion of this vital question. The gathering—at the special invitation of the Union—of over one hundred ladies of New York city, well known in philanthropic and religious circles, to consider the many aspects of the Sabbath question, was a new departure, which, it is believed, will result in practical methods to advance the work of the Union. The Sabbath observance mass meeting, in which the various young people's organizations of New York city participated, was an enthusiastic gathering. The topic discussed was, "The Relation of the American Sabbath to Good Citizenship and Christian Progress in the Nation, and the Duty of Young Peo-

ple to Assist in Maintaining the Sacred Day." The Union will take up its important national work for 1895 with an inspiration not hitherto known.

An exchange reproduces a sermon from Spurgeon, delivered some ten years ago in Wales, in which the great preacher seeks to impress the truth that God will bear all our burdens, great and small, if we will only commit them to Him. The sermon was enforced by the following characteristic illustration: "A gentleman driving along in his chaise once met a packman on the road, and he offered him a seat in his carriage. The man accepted the offer, but instead of resting his pack on a seat where he might have placed it, he carried it in his hands. 'Why don't you put your pack down?' said the gentleman. 'Oh,' replied the man, 'it is kind of you to carry me without carrying my pack; I will carry that.' 'But,' rejoined the gentleman, 'I have to carry you and your pack.' They were laughing just then at that man, but they, as Christians, had been often like him themselves. They had said, 'I can trust Jesus with my soul, but I will bear this or that burthen myself,' forgetting that He would bear their soul and that burthen too."

The editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, in a recent article of two columns, pays his respects very vigorously to those Christians who have got beyond praying for the forgiveness of their sins, because, forsaken, they never commit any. He fitly says: "They certainly can have not even the faintest idea of what sin really is, or they would modify their tone and moderate their claims." He rightly calls it "a fundamental and dangerous error," "spiritual blindness and extraordinary conceit," an error involving "the supposition that the believer's conscientiousness is an infallible guide, and that his 'experience' always renders inerrant testimony." It is an error against which a great many people in this vicinity certainly need to be warned.

Rev. Henry B. Schwartz, a presiding elder, sending us a contribution from Hiroasaki, Japan, under date of Nov. 25, which we shall publish at an early date, says:—

"We are reaping the first fruits of treaty revision in a very great improvement in the passport system. As you do not know, we have not been allowed to travel in Japan except with a passport. In these passports the proposed route of travel had to be exactly laid down, and in those parts of the empire where the passport regulations were strictly enforced, no deviation from the described route was allowed. They were only granted for a limited time, and in order to prevent the use of them for trading in the interior, the applicant stated that his object in travel was either 'for scientific observation' or 'for the benefit of my health.' These latter provisions made many missionaries have conscientious scruples about using passports for evangelistic purposes; though Judge Bingham, when he was minister, used to tell them to make as many 'scientific observations' on religion as they wanted. Now we can get passports for a year's time, on which we can travel anywhere at any time in the whole empire; and, best of all, the 'scientific' and 'health' clauses are entirely omitted from the application blanks. So while still obliged to have a passport and to show it whenever we are asked to do so, we are now almost as little restricted in regard to travel as the Japanese themselves. We Americans are only sorry that for once England got ahead of us and ratified this new treaty before our government did so. We also feel chagrined that our highest tribunal has decided that a bright, educated Japanese cannot become a citizen of the great country that is free to Italians, Hungarians, Russians, anarchist, and any one whose skin is not yellow."

We have read, with much interest, an address delivered by Rev. J. H. Humphrey, of Marblehead, in response to the inquiry, "Why am I a Methodist?" and published in the *Marblehead Messenger* of Dec. 14. It is a comprehensive and critical utterance, and contains many very fine passages. The following are characteristic of the whole: "I do not think the verbal inspiration theory or the doctrine of the absolute inerrancy of the Scriptures has many followers among us. . . . The higher criticism has no terrors for us. The Scriptures have a self-evidencing power wholly independent of questions of authorship or chronological notes. Let the higher criticism press on with its most rigid methods of research. If only it be sufficiently high to catch the tones of that Living Word that is in and speaks through the written word, we will rejoice. . . . We make no inquisition into private beliefs. If a man is in substantial accord with us in doctrine and in matters of church polity, sufficiently so as to harmonize with us in the development of his own religious life and in efforts for the salvation of others, that is all we ask. . . . We are broad, very broad, but not too broad. We do not put the principal emphasis on doctrine. . . . We have never had a great heresy trial nor a church-wide controversy over matters of belief."

We learn from the *Outlook* that "One of the strongest leaders in institutional work in this country is Rev. Charles B. Mills, of Cleveland. Pilgrim Church, of which he is pastor, has just dedicated a new edifice, one of the finest in the city, and one of the most complete perhaps in the whole country, and fully adapted for institutional work. . . . This differs from most churches of the kind in that it adapts institutional methods to those who are of the upper middle class. The object of the institutional department of this church is to lift toward the highest life those who are already financially able to seek it, but who lack the inspiration to seek the highest ideals. The ministry of Mr. Mills in Cleveland has been singularly fruitful, and will be additionally so now that his church is better equipped for its work."

League Prayer-meeting Topics

January.

Rev. Matthias S. Kaufman, A. M.

FIRST QUARTER — "Christ in All."

January 6 — "The Laver." Exod. 30: 18-21; John 15: 3; Titus 3: 5; Heb. 10: 22.

"Christ in all" is the key-note of a series of twelve Bible studies for the first quarter of another new year. "Christ in all!" What sweet music this will make in every life when it becomes a reality! How meaningless the ancient Jewish ceremonial institutes save as they prefigure our divine Saviour! It is the light and glory thrown back upon laver, altar, priest, and tabernacle by Him of whom these things are only symbols, that will give zest and spiritual profit to the studies before us. Raphael, having been commissioned by the papal power at Rome to execute various frescoes, by his own original genius marked out the plans, accurately specifying the different figures and groupings. These designs he placed in the hands of his pupils to fill out. After their part was completed, then the great master scrutinized the workmanship and everywhere gave it his own finishing touch. Thus he was in reality the author and finisher of those masterpieces of art. This and more is our Christ in the realm of Christian faith. He originates the plan of each life, and then after we have done our best and still find defects, He steps in, perfecting and beautifying in His own divine way. In our study of the tabernacle forms and ceremonies let us not only see our Master's design, but apply to ourselves the lessons they inculcate.

THE TABERNACLE. — This was the first church, solemnly dedicated to God. It was a movable temple, suited to the worship required of an unsettled people. Its dimensions were 45 x 15 feet. The east end was open, while the other three sides were enclosed by boards of acacia wood. This enclosure consisted of two chambers. The first, known as the holy place, was 30 x 15 feet, and the inner, or holy of holies, was fifteen feet square. This tent-temple was surrounded by an open space of 150 by 75 feet. The equipment of this place of worship bore striking resemblance to some heathen temples, with, however, the marked absence of all semblance of idolatry.

THE LAVER. — This was an urn-shaped basin in the court of the temple. It was made of the brass of the copper mirrors donated by the women, and was kept full of water all the time.

1. Its purpose. — This was twofold. (a) The ablution of the priests at consecration and before every service. The manner of this exercise was to wash hands and feet by allowing water to run over them through a vessel with a long spout. The waste water flowed into a small receiver below. (b) Probably the sacrifices were here cleansed.

2. Its purport. — To the Jew the laver implied ceremonial cleansing. To us it speaks (a) of the polluting effect of sin; (b) of the means of cleansing.

"Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed His blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside."

January 13 — "The Altar." Exod. 30: 1-10; Rev. 8: 3.

Two altars were employed in tabernacle worship. One was made of brass and stood in the court. This was used for burnt sacrifices. The altar referred to in this study was made of acacia wood and overlaid with pure gold. It was only a cubit long, a cubit wide, and two cubits high. There were four horns at the four corners which once a year only were touched with blood. Its position was significant. It stood immediately in front of the vail which separated the holy place from the holy of holies. Upon this altar incense was burned morning and evening. Incense was held to be something sacred, and between the times of offering was kept on the altar ready for worship.

TYPES.

1. The incense-altar was the type of prayer. As the perfume arose in the air it symbolized the heaven-wanted desire of human-kind. Through this regularly-observed rite the Hebrews lifted their hearts to God. In "The Children of the Lord's Supper," Longfellow says, —

"Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly fliest innocent
twixt the earth and sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven."

2. In the preparation of the incense the greatest possible care was exercised. Certain materials were necessary, and these were employed in just the prescribed proportions. What an illustration this to us in the formation of prayer! How essential that we do not rush in and out of God's presence in a heedless manner! It was said of Bishop Heber that before every new incident in his history he composed a short prayer with the utmost care.

3. The offering of daily incense was regarded as positively necessary to success in their undertakings. Can daily prayer be less essential to each one of us? Before each step of advance

during his composition of the "Creation," Haydn implored the aid of Divine skill and wisdom.

4. The uniform custom of offering incense bound the Hebrews together in a heaven-inspired brotherhood. As tender, too, is the Christian's bond of sympathetic prayer. Says Madame De Staél: "To pray together in whatever tongue or ritual is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that man can contract in this life."

"Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share."

January 20 — "The Priest." Exod. 28: 1; Heb. 5: 1-5.

The chiefs of Israel were directed by God to take each one a rod and inscribe his own name upon it. This, Aaron, as chief of his tribe, did, as well as the others. These twelve rods were deposited in the Tabernacle, and the next morning it was found that Aaron's rod had blossomed and yielded almonds. This rod was placed in the most holy place as a memorial that Aaron and his sons throughout the ages were the only original, divinely-commissioned priests. Observe, —

1. The requisites for priesthood were (a) that the candidate belong to the family of Aaron; (b) that he be free from physical blemish; (c) that he be a man of domestic purity.

2. The functions of his office were (a) representative, as in the offering of sacrifices in behalf of the nation; (b) mediatory, as seen in personal gifts offered to Jehovah.

SYMBOLICAL INTERPRETATIONS.

1. Man requires divinely-appointed Mediator between himself and God. Phocion was criticised because he plead most earnestly for the most unfortunate. A celebrated criminal was imprisoned and begged Phocion to visit him. His friends again endeavored to dissuade him, but all in vain. He declared: "I must go when the appeal is the strongest." So Christ intercedes for those who most need Him. If we will conscientiously scrutinize our hearts, how much will we find our need of His intercession!

2. The Mediator presented shed blood as the efficacious atonement for sin. A sad Russian soldier was seated one day in his barracks, with a piece of paper before him on which he had written all his debts. Underneath the sum he wrote, "Who shall pay all these?" and then, weary, he fell asleep. While in this condition the Emperor of Russia rode by. Noticing the paper under the hand of the sorrowful-faced soldier, he read its contents. Taking up a pen, he wrote under the question his name—"Nicholas." When the soldier awoke he could not believe it. But the next morning the amount was brought, the debt paid, and he was freed. More, oh, how infinitely more, than this has Christ done for every redeemed soul in presenting His atoning blood for its liberation from sin. Now all of us may become "kings and priests unto God."

January 27 — "Day of Prayer for Colleges." 1 Tim. 4: 12-16; 2 Tim. 1: 6, 7; 1 Tim. 1: 18, 19.

What an intensely interesting day is this! Not only in the colleges which observe it, but in the thousands of homes and churches represented by hosts of students, will there be deep solicitude. This day has often proved a turning-point both for defeat and success — defeat for those who have turned away from Christ, but victory and success for those who have gladly accepted Him.

1. This day demonstrates that the most enlightened and advanced institutions on earth still believe in a universe with a personal God at its head. After centuries of critical study by the most learned men, both friends and foes; after the most determined efforts to crowd God out of His own realm and substitute some impersonal thing, He still sits upon His unshakable throne and sways His supreme sceptre. Science and philosophy discover laws in nature; but these laws cannot account for themselves. Back of them must be an intelligent spirit capable of administering these laws. The more of law discovered, the more of God demanded in order to account for their workings.

2. This personal God created man — made him in His own image, made him for a purpose. This purpose is worthy of God and highly honorable to man. Thus is indicated man's constitutional dignity and worth, his essential greatness and possible grandeur. But to fulfill this lofty purpose, he must become a co-laborer with God.

3. Each student should aspire to be like the four-square man of Aristotle — well-built physically and intellectually, morally and spiritually. Only in this way can symmetry and completeness be secured. Above all else should the spiritual man be cultured and enriched. Apart from Christ ye can do nothing sublime.

"Hands that touch the world's great need,
To Christ must cling;
Seal that the cause of truth would speed,
Must spread the wing
In heaven's own light. God's work demands
Such consecrated hearts and hands."

4. Christian students have an influence over their associates little imagined. Two young men were intimate; they were always in each other's company. Both were moral, neither religious. At length one decided to be a Christian and was happily converted. He was strongly inclined to relate his joyous experience to his friend, but timidly postponed it until a year had passed. With great effort he finally

broached the subject with the following result: "My dear fellow, I exposed you to tell me for six months, and really wanted you to; but lately I have got interested in Felix Adler's agnosticism and don't care anything about it." Smarting under this unexpected rebuff, instead of repenting and renewing his fidelity to Christ, he tamely allowed himself to be led away by his companion. "Where there was one Christian and might have been two, now there are two unbelievers and might have been none." The college students of today are to be influential centres of influence — good or evil — tomorrow. Let us pray earnestly that they may all be genuine Christians, loyal-hearted and true.

Providence, R. I.

OUR LOYAL AND ROYAL SUPERANNUATED PREACHERS.

Rev. William Silverthorne.

THESE are truly a felt, undying interest in these men of God shown by the church among ministers and people. These old, noble preachers feel thankful to God and the people for the strong sympathy manifested in regard to them. This tender concern, truly right and very desirable, shows itself along the lines of material comfort. But as in other relations only, those in them know how fully to sympathize with one another, so it is in this. No one knows the sweetness of the keen, happy interest between pastor and his people so fully as the one who no longer has any special people to serve. It might be on this account that, after being superannuated, that royal preacher, the late Abraham D. Merrill, one day said he did not know what he was living for; though one of his brethren replied that his good living blessed them.

Because of these peculiar experiences of superannuated preachers, at the last New England Conference that learned and noble men, Rev. Dr. John W. Merrill, proposed that the superannuated preachers have a meeting by themselves for expressions of special sympathy and social interest. Several of such meetings were called and greatly enjoyed in the pastor's room at the rear of the pulpit. At last they formed a fraternal organization for the Conference year, choosing Rev. J. L. Estey for secretary, and Rev. W. Silverthorne for president.

What this association will grow unto no one knows, or whether it will grow at all. But certainly its tendency is only good for all. It is like New England to make good projects which grow and prosper for the good of all people; and certainly the heart of this writer was specially prompted to visit our late brother, Rev. G. E. Chapman, though living at quite a distance.

Some of these noble brethren from our Conference have this year passed on to their reward. Those present at our coming Conference will likely meet to shake hands, pray, take counsel, and bid each other Godspeed. If, before then, the Great Shepherd of all the sheep shall call any more of us to the unspeakably better grounds of evergreen pastures, beside the perennial streams of the water of life, by the throne of the Captain and Prince of our salvation, may we be ready by His love and favor! Like St. Paul, may we fight the good fight, keep the faith, and receive the crown of reward from the hands of King, Jesus, the Lord over all!

Gardner, Mass.

There is good ground for fear that we do not really love people as much as we think we do. Are our professions in this line made good by our practice? What daily proof do we give that we regard those around us with affection? Do we have faith in them? Do we look upon them hopefully? Are we tender and sympathetic, appreciative of their excellencies and their difficulties? If we truly loved them, would there not be more of praise and less of censure in our speaking, feeling, and thinking about them? Would we not have a sunnier and more serene spirit among them? And would we not be better liked by them? There is food here for thought — and for action as well. It is easy to say that one loves everybody. But if one's life make pretty generally the impression that there is a good deal of selfishness about it, then the saying will bring scoffing.



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THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, December 18.

—A murderer executed in Weathersfield, Conn., on an automatic gallows.

—John McBride, president of the United Mine Workers, elected president of the Federation of Labor; Gompers defeated.

—The House passes the Army Appropriation and Forest Reserve bills.

—Senator Hawley introduces an Army Reorganization bill, providing for 30,000 enlisted men.

—Spain grants partial home rule to Cuba.

—A report that Madagascar submits to French demands.

—Mass meetings to denounce Turkish atrocities in Armenia becoming frequent on both sides of the water.

—The Bulgarian ministry resigns.

Wednesday, December 19.

—Dr. McGlynn, of New York, recants, and will again serve the Roman Catholic Church as a priest in charge of a parish.

—Pekin now under military control; Chinese soldiers guard the foreign legations.

—The Japanese authorities admit that their soldiers were guilty of barbarity at Port Arthur.

—The Currency bill before the House; Messrs. Springer and Walker open the debate pro and con.

—The government wins in the great Bell Telephone case; the Berliner letters patent declared null and void.

—M. Briasson (Radical) elected for the third time president of the French Chamber of Deputies.

—Overdrafts amounting to nearly \$2,000,000 found in the accounts of the suspended Commercial Bank of St. John's, N. Y.

Thursday, December 20.

—The Czar referring all important questions to the council of the empire.

—Twenty more animals killed by cattle commissioners on account of tuberculosis.

—North Adams to become a city, making the number of cities in the State 31.

—Harvard College catalogue shows 337 professors and instructors, 3,265 students, and 137 scholarships.

—Henry Loonin Nelson, at one time editor of the Boston Post, appointed Mr. Curtis' successor in the Editor's Chair of Harper's Weekly.

—U. S. Minister Terrell at Constantinople accused of not protecting American citizens (naturalized Armenians who go back to Turkey).

—Superintendent Byrnes' "wardman," when the former was captain, "protected" disorderly houses for money, according to testimony before the Lexow Committee.

Friday, December 21.

—Chinese commissioners hastening to Japan to bring the war to a close.

—A bill introduced in the Senate for the purchase of a new site for a White House, said to cost \$1,000,000.

—The president of the defunct Banca Romana states that Giolitti compelled him to write a letter inculpating Crispi in the scandal.

—The bill granting pension of \$100 a month to the widow of Gen. N. P. Banks passes the House.

—The marble statue of Webster and Stark, the gift of New Hampshire to the Capitol at Washington, unveiled in Statuary Hall in that building; speeches in the Senate and House.

Saturday, December 22.

—Capt. Schmittberger makes startling revelations before the Lexow Committee; Commissioners Martin and Sheehan and Inspector Williams stained; the police department rotten to the core.

—The Porte persists in his refusal to let U. S. Consul Jewett go with the Armenian Commission.

—A substitute for the Carlisle currency bill presented to the House yesterday.

—The total embezzlement from Indian Head Bank, Nashua, by Cashier McLean, figures up to \$75,000.

—Death of Rev. Dr. G. E. Ellis, of this city; also of Bishop J. P. Thompson, of the A. M. E. Zion Church of this country.

—Forefathers' Day appropriately celebrated in several cities.

—A collision between two trains in England, one of them the Manchester express, causes the loss of fifteen lives and injuries to nearly fifty.

—Congress adjourns for the holidays.

Monday, December 24.

—Great suffering in Nebraska; scarcity of food, and but little water on account of drought; 3,000 families in want.

—The Chinese suffer a serious defeat at Haicheng.

—The industrial section of Clinton, Me., burned out; 100 men out of work; property loss, a quarter of a million.

—A great storm in Europe; buildings destroyed, vessels driven on shore, many lives lost.

—A royalist conspiracy in Honolulu detected; arrests made.

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Any church or chapel committee thinking of purchasing an organ (or a piano) should certainly send for the illustrated catalogue of the Mason & Hamlin Company. Mason & Hamlin manufacture many styles of instruments, especially for church and chapel use, and the celebrated List Organ is without question the finest instrument of its class. Address Mason & Hamlin, Boston, Mass., and catalogues will be sent free.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Norwich Dis. Min. Assoc., at East Main Street, Norwich, Conn.

Feb. 18, 19

CONFERENCE	PLACE	TIME	BISHOP
New England	Salem, Mass.	April 5	Merrill.
N. E. Southern	Providence, R. I.	"	Walden.
New York	Kingston, N. Y.	"	Newman.
New York East	Stamford, Conn.	"	Warren.
New Hampshire	Concord, N. H.	"	Merrill.
Vermont	Waterbury, Vt.	"	Poss.
Northern N. Y.	Herkimer, N. Y.	"	Mallison.
Troy	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	"	Walde.
Maine	Hancock, Me.	May 2	Bowman.
Bast Maine	Bucksport, Me.	"	Bowman.

Money Letters from Dec. 16 to 17.

N. W. Ayer & Son. Mrs. J. M. Brigham, H. J. Bickford, Mrs. L. Baker, D. C. Coburn, Colton & Walsh, A. E. Draper, L. H. Dorchester, J. E. Duxbury, J. E. Edwards, S. J. Ford, A. H. Gould, Goodwin & Dickenson, Mrs. E. O. Haven, C. I. Hood & Co., Mrs. J. H. Hatch, F. D. Hand, H. N. Ingersoll, C. H. Johnson, G. W. King, G. Laycock, F. H. Morgan, Henry D. Noyes Co. W. H. H. Pillsbury, Mrs. A. Potter, John Phillips, Mrs. J. E. Perkins, R. H. Ross, J. Stevens, J. H. Smith, Mrs. A. F. Stevens, Mrs. H. B. Shepherd, H. E. Stetson, W. H. Sargent, Wm. Ware & Co., O. S. Willis, W. D. Williams, H. E. Wright, W. J. Yates.

STANDING COMMITTEES — MAINE CONFERENCE.

—The list has been received, and will appear next week.

TO THE ALUMNI OF DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIVING IN NEW ENGLAND. — The first Reunion of the N. E. Alumni of Drew will be held at the United States Hotel, Boston, Thursday, Dec. 27. Reception at 4:30. Dinner at 5:30. Drs. Butts and Upham of the faculty are coming. Dr. James Boyd Brady, of the first graduating class, will be present. Those who wish entertainment for the night please inform the undersigned. All who will attend, please notify by Dec. 18. F. N. UPHAM, 54 Monsonock St. Dorchester, Boston.

REOPENING AT MARBLEHEAD. — The reopening of the M. E. Church at Marblehead will occur Jan. 1-5.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 1:30 p. m., reopening sermon, by Dr. J. W. Hamilton; 8, reunion supper; 7:30, addresses by former pastors, local clergy, etc. Wednesday, 7:45 p. m., sermon by Rev. Edward M. Taylor, of Boston, under the auspices of the Epworth League. Thursday, 7:45 p. m., sermon by Dr. Geo. S. Chadbourn. Friday, 7:45 p. m., love-feast and roll-call. Sunday, Jan. 3, 1:30 p. m., sermon by Dr. W. H. Thomas; at 7, sermon and dedicatory services by Dr. J. O. Knowles.

THE ARGOBOOK MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet at Houlton, Jan. 14-16. Full program next week.

W. H. M. B. — The first quarterly meeting of the New England Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held in Harvard St. M. E. Church, Cambridgeport, Friday, Jan. 4. Meeting of the Board of Managers at 1:30 a. m. Morning session to be devoted to business and reports. Mrs. L. W. Staples, delegate to the meeting of General Board of Managers held at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, will give a report of the meeting. After session at 3 p. m. The first hour will be given to a memorial service for Mrs. A. Cooper, Rev. C. L. Gordell giving an address, and Mrs. S. A. Jacob a paper. The address of the afternoon will be given by Mrs. T. J. Everett of Hazzardville, Conn., president of the New England Southern Conference. — H. E. C. — The ladies of the church generously provide lunch at the noon hour. The church is convenient of access from any car passing through Cambridgeport. Let the Auxiliaries be well represented.

Mrs. S. W. FLOYD, Conf. Cor. Secretary.

BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING, Monday, Dec. 21, at 10:30 a. m. Memorial service for the late Rev. Charles Young, D. D. Addresses by Drs. J. O. Knowles and S. F. Upham.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

NORWICH DISTRICT — FOURTH QUARTER.

JAN.

7, Norwich, North Main St. 17, Mapleville & Glendale. 8, p. m., South Glastonbury.

8, eve, East Glastonbury. 18, p. m., East Blackstone.

9, Moodus. 19, New London.

10, Baltic. 20, Staffordville.

11, Stafford Springs. 21, Miantic.

12, Norwich. 22, East Thompson.

13, Oneida. 23, Greene.

14, Mooseup. 24, Sterling.

15, North Grosvenordale.

FEB.

1, Portland. 16, E. Hampton.

2, Willimantic. 17, Warehouse Point.

3, Norwich, E. Main St. 18, 19, Preachers' Meeting.

4, Hockanum. 20, Vinton & Griswold.

5, Attawangan. 21, Putnam.

6, Danielsonville. 22, Thompson.

7, Manchester. 23, Thompson.

8, eve, Bayside. 24, South Manchester.

9, Westerly. 25, Wapping.

10, p. m., Gale's Ferry. 26, Quarryville.

11, Colchester. 27, Windsorsville.

MARCH.

1, Hasardville. 11, Norwich, Sochen St.

2, Gardner's Lake. 12, Old Mystic.

3, South Coventry. 13, Mystic & Noank.

4, Gurneyville. 14, East Woodstock & West

5, Tolland. Thompson.

6, Jewett City. 15, 17, Rockville.

7, 8, 10, Uncasville. 18, Millville.

9, 10, Pascoag.

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INVALIDS' DAY.

Rev. J. S. Breckinridge, D. D.

NONE need special sympathy and help more than the destitute sick. They lack the two things most sought after and desired—money and health. We read of a man who lost his health seeking wealth, and then lost his wealth seeking health. But he who has lost both, is poor indeed. For the benefit of such unfortunate, the anniversary known as "Hospital Sunday" was established. On that Sabbath an offering for the sick in hospitals is made, and

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it may very properly be denominated "Invalids' Day."

It falls this year on December 30, and ought to be more widely and generally observed than ever. Why? Because the times are hard. Multitudes of invalids need charity who never did before. The seventh annual report of the Methodist Hospital, in Brooklyn, has been mailed to every Methodist pastor in New England. It is accompanied by a letter soliciting aid. The pastor who tosses this into the waste-basket, does himself and his people a wrong. He hardens his own heart, and deprives his congregation of a valuable privilege. A collection, large or small, should be taken, on "Hospital Sunday," by every Methodist Church in New England that is not bankrupt.

We should all be glad to assist in relieving the agonies of those who suffer. If we shut up our bowels of compassion in the presence of the crippled and afflicted, "how dwelleth the love of God in us?" We may be poor, but, if well, we can deny ourselves something and "help just a little." We may be sick, but, if possessed of means, we ought to be thankful and generous. If we are both healthy and wealthy, our contributions should be munificent on "Hospital Sunday."

Our House of Mercy in Brooklyn is caring for invalids who come from all parts of New England. It treated about fifteen hundred patients in all last year. It struggled gallantly to pay its heavy current expenses, and succeeded in doing so. What the near year will bring forth we do not know. We are sure to need the assistance of every Methodist Episcopal Church in New England. Will you not rally to our relief on December 30?

If the readers of this appeal are pastors, we exhort you to take a collection. If the readers are parishioners, we exhort you to see to it that a collection is taken.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Extensive coupon rooms, a reading room and toilet rooms are also on the street level. A luxuriously furnished department has been prepared for the use of ladies who rent safe deposit boxes.

Our Book Table.

George William Curtis. By Edward Cary. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

This latest instalment of the "American Men of Letters" series is a handsome tribute to the worth and services of Mr. Curtis. The story is handsomely told in brief form, the outline being given with only so much commentary as is needful to elucidate the facts. Mr. Cary gives a charming picture of his early days, and then clearly traces his course onward into the work of life. Unlike some authors who labor long for recognition, Mr. Curtis was known at once and held his supremacy to the last. He was never more popular than on the day of his death. The biographer brings out his worth as a man, his high aims, his purity of purpose and life, and his beneficent work for the nation and humanity. The criticism of his literary work is at once discriminative and appreciative. It was varied and good work. His genius was both elegant and fertile. Every fragment was a masterpiece, and no masterpiece seemed to exhaust his resources. If he had lived twenty years more, he would have traveled on in ever-brightening lines. The break with Grant and the Republican Party the author finds hardest to defend. The noble work he did for civil service is worthy of all commendation. By the admirers of Mr. Curtis this volume will be welcomed most cordially. It makes delightful reading.

The Messiah of the Gospels. By Charles A. Briggs. D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. W. E. Clarke & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Prof. Charles A. Briggs is one of the critical Biblical scholars of the American Church as well as an able defender of the central doctrines of the Christian faith. With a clear eye, scrutinizing the details of the Christian records, he detects essential truth and has the courage to abandon untenable positions. To him, as to all true thinkers, the Bible is a human as well as a divine book. Having passed through the war about the authority of the Book, he now turns to a learned discussion of its teachings in regard to Christ, the central personage of the two Testaments. The present volume is a continuation of the author's former work, "Messianic Prophecy." He here considers the Messianic ideas in pre-Christian Judaism and in the forerunners of Jesus. He then takes up the Messianic doctrine as presented severally by the four Evangelists. Each Evangelist has his separate view, and yet the four harmonize in the main and commanding features. To these general and specific features Prof. Briggs draws attention in a series of careful and profound studies. Though clear in thought and style, the book is not altogether easy reading.

Father Eells; or, The Recruits of Fifty-Five Years of Missionary Labors in Washington and Oregon. A Biography of Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., by Myron Eells, with an Introduction by Rev. L. H. Hallock. D. D. Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society: Boston and Chicago. Price, \$1.50.

During the last half-century the great wilderness along the Columbia has been turned to fruitful fields. The great States of Oregon and Washington have been founded on either side. The white has replaced the copper-colored race, and American civilization has superseded the native barbarism. Dr. Cushing Eells, the subject of this memoir, went there as a missionary in 1838, and remained, respected and honored by black and white, until his death in 1892. He was a man of great energy of character and devotion to his work. The story, as told by his son, reveals his Christian character, his good sense, and his abiding interest in the cause of the Master. To him and other early missionaries on the Pacific coast the church and the country owe a debt of gratitude.

Before He is Twenty. Five Phases of the Boy Question, Considered by Robert J. Burdette, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Edward W. Bok, Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. Lyman Abbott. With portraits of the authors. New York: H. Revell Company. C. M. Siegel: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

As never before in the world's history, the attention of thoughtful people is focused on childhood and youth. Youth has become a favorite theme in the pulpit and the press. Young people's organizations form a social feature of our time. Childhood has become a topic of scientific study. The phases of the subject given in this volume were first prepared for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and are here reproduced for a wider public. The first essay treats of "The Father and the Boy;" the second, "When He Decides;" the third, "The Boy in the Office;" the fourth, "His Evenings and his Amusements;" and the last, "Looking toward a Wife."

The Christian Life Series. By F. B. Meyer. 1. The Present Tenses of the Blessed Life. 2. The Future Tenses of the Blessed Life. Fleming H. Revell Company: New York. Price, 50 cents a volume. Two volumes in a box.

Meyer is one of the most delightful writers of our day upon Biblical and practical religious subjects. These two tiny volumes, suitable for a Christmas present to a Christian friend, are good illustrations of his work. The first shows how much the believer has in this life. The first instalment of Christian experience is really the beginning of "the eternal life" given by Christ. The second shows how much more the believer is to have by and by. No Christian reader can open these volumes without profit. The "I do" is great, the "I will" greater.

The Student Missionary Enterprise. Edited by Wood Morehead. F. H. Revell Company: New York. Price, \$1.50.

In 1891 there was a great meeting of the friends of missions in Cleveland. Representatives of the missionary organizations in the churches, institutions of learning and young people's soci-

ties throughout North America, with prominent missionaries from foreign lands, came together "to consider the great work of speedy and world-wide evangelization and to afford student volunteers the advantages of information, counsel and spiritual stimulus which such an occasion would be sure to offer." A similar gathering was held at Detroit, Feb. 28-March 4, 1894, and this large volume contains the addresses and an outline of the discussions on the occasion. It is known as the "Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions." The addressees cannot fail to prove both instructive and stimulating to the reader.

Messages of Faith, Hope and Love. Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Sermons and Writings of James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St.

Dr. Clarke was a fine thinker and writer. In the volumes he published are precious passages of instruction and consolation, of faith, hope and love, which his many admirers among all sects will delight to have in an accessible form. This volume contains such a body of selections, one for each day in the year. The selections are brief, and each is expressive of an important phase of human life, or the relation of that life to God and the future.

Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By H. E. Brown. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.50.

This excellent life of the deceased poet was written some time ago, and is now re-issued in an enlarged and illustrated edition, giving all the important facts about his life and death. The chapters added in this new edition cover the period since 1886. Though the scholar's life of the Autocrat will probably come at no distant date, this popular biography by Miss Brown will meet the needs of the plain reader.

Harper's Young People for 1894. New York: Harper & Brothers. Bound volume. Price, \$3.50.

Harper's Young People is almost indispensable to the children in our families. It is admirably adapted in both its text and illustrations to the tastes and needs of those in their teens; and even after the weekly numbers have been read, they bear well a re-examination. The bound volume makes a library of choice reading and permanent value. Many of the articles are gems of juvenile literature. The variety, too, is very wide in poetry, history, travel, science, literature and art in some of its forms, especially as given in illustration.

Three Boys on an Electrical Boat. By John Pricebridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.

The scene of this attractive juvenile is laid in Maine. The principal characters are Edward Kingsley, his cousin Hal, and Richard Fell. The story is wonderfully well told from beginning to end. The boys get some good experience in the use of electricity and in sea voyaging. They are enveloped in mystery, out of which, however, they finally emerge.

When Molly was Six. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.

This child's book contains twelve chapters, one suitable for each month. The language is simple, and the topics are adapted to a young child. The volume is beautifully illustrated by Katharine Pyle, and will make a fine holiday present for little people.

The Beautiful World. By Lillian Whiting. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.

This tiny volume contains five series of meditations: "The World Beautiful," "Friendship," "Our Social Salvation," "Lotus-eating," and "That Which is to Come." The thought is clear, the style chaste, and the whole has reference to the conditions of the current world.

Jack the Giant Killer, and Beauty and the Beast, Sleeping Beauty, and the Little Mermaid. By Charles H. Spofford. M. Dent & Co., London. On sale by Macmillan & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents a volume.

"Jack the Giant Killer" and the associated stories in these two tiny volumes are juvenile classics. In the nursery "Jack" is almost as real as Defoe's great character of Robinson Crusoe. The children will delight to read them anew in this unique holiday dress.

Wee Lucy; Little Prudy's "Wee Creadlin Doe." By Sophie May. Leo & Shepard: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

This beautiful little juvenile belongs to the "Prudy" series. It is attractively written, and describes the ways and doings of a child. The author's pictures of child life are touched with the master hand; they combine the real and the ideal.

Chatterbox for 1894. Estes & Lauriat: 301 Washington St., Boston.

The volume contains the usual abundance of nice things for the little people. Both the outer and inner title-pages are beautifully illustrated. There are other illustrations scattered through the volume. The "Chatterbox" is a favorite Christmas book for children.

Miss Bright's Guardian. By Alice Jackson. Illustrated by Sidney Paget. Price, \$1.50.

Rick Ballon's Reconciliation. By Edward N. Hoare, M. A. Illustrated by W. H. Overend. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Price, \$1.50.

These two stories are published under the direction of the general literature committee. They are well written and designed to inculcate sound moral and religious principles and at the same time to furnish entertainment for the reader.

Lost on Umbagog. By Willis Boyd Allen. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. Price, 75 cents.

"Lost on Umbagog" is the initial number of a new series of stories by the author, entitled "Camp and Tramp Series." It contains a taste of wood-life in Maine. The story tells of campers in the woods, the snow-storms and drifts. In it you will find accounts of bears, the camp-fires of loggers, and the great drafts of pickerel. It tells of the beauty of the whispering pines, the long stretch of snow-covered Umbagog, and the

shapes and sounds that accompany a winter scene. The book will be eagerly devoured by the lads in our homes.

The Great Composers. Incidents in the History of Music, and the Lives of its Best Composers. By Herrick Butterworth. A new edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. Price, \$1.

"It is the aim of this little book to present, in a popular way, the most important and picturesque incidents of the history of music and of the lives of some of the best composers and interpreters." The volume opens with an account of Jubal and the Hebrew oratories, and has also the Greek lyre, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Rossini, and other great composers. The book will prove attractive and valuable to the lover of music.

Flagazines.

The New World for December contains eight able articles. "Some Questions in Religion," by Rev. D. N. Beach, is an exceedingly thoughtful, lucid and fearless presentation of the questions now up for restatement in this critical and exacting age. C. E. St. John sets forth "A Unitarian's Gospel;" Levi L. Paine treats "Athanasianism;" President Andrews, of Brown, shows that science is "A Natural Ally of Religion;" and Frank Sewall has a biographical estimate of the late John Addington Symonds. Charles C. Starbuck gives the substance of Count Paul von Hoenbraeck's paper on the Jesuits. J. A. Robinson furnishes a critical article on the "Gospel According to Peter." (Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston.)

The Review of Reviews for December is, as usual, burdened with interesting and valuable matter. It has for a frontispiece Detalje's "Heroes of Duty." In the "Progress of the World" the editor emphasizes the verdict of Nov. 6, the overthrow of Tammany, the defeat of Hill, the Eastern war, and the situation in Madagascar. The overturn in the political situation affords some excellent material for caricature, illustrations of which are furnished. W. T. Stead describes Alexander III. as the peace-keeper of Europe. The editor gives some account of the "Re-establishment of Olympic Games" at Athens; and C. C. Kingston gives his views of "Industrial Agreements and Colonization" in South Australia. (13 Astor Place, New York.)

Popular Astronomy for December has for a frontispiece several views of Jupiter, to illustrate G. W. Hough's article on that planet. Percival Lowell contributes a paper on the atmosphere of Mars. Then follow articles on the variable stars, the transit of Mercury, progress in astronomical photography, and the occultation of the Pleiades, Dec. 10. (William W. Payne: Northfield, Minn.)

"He Careth for You" Calendar for 1895 is beautifully illustrated with a sheet for each month, containing a picture, the calendar, and an appropriate sentiment from Scripture indicative of the Lord's care for His creatures. Arranged by Ernest Nister. (E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.)

The Christmas number of McClure's Magazine is enriched by a large number of pictures, all of them good ones, artistically and otherwise. Ida M. Tarbell has a second article on Napoleon, with the pictures from the Gardner G. Hubbard collection. The pictures are worth the price of the number, to say nothing of the article. "Dikkon's Dog" has several pictures, and one of Dikkon himself. H. J. W. Dam has an account of "A Morning with Bret Harte," illustrated by several views of the poet when young and at the present day. The "Human Document" feature contains pictures of Farrar, Moody, and Sankey. Henry Drummond follows in an article on Moody, giving some impressions and facts. Here again the pictures come in, some of them being views of the Northfield Home and educational buildings. The issue is eminently pictorial and attractive. (S. S. McClure: 30 Lafayette Place, New York.)

The Forum for December comes, as usual, laden with much valuable reading matter. Several of the articles are especially timely — the labor question and discontent in the West, the power of the polygamists in the new State of Utah, Christian missions in India, the status and future of woman suffrage, and the peace of Europe as affected by the death of the Czar, are opportune. Bishop Thoburn's article is a complete refutation of the Brahman's objections to Christian missions. Col. Dodge sees imminent danger to peace in the European situation, and yet has hope the new Czar will see the path of safety and peace. Col. Carroll D. Wright is hardly able to concede the right of each man to conduct business as he pleases. W. R. Thayer thinks Mr. Howells' doctrine of realism is doomed by the new story-tellers. A. B. Hepburn gives the plan of the Baltimore bankers for a safe and elastic currency. In the fourteen articles of this number there is both variety and excellence, which will repay careful reading. (The Forum Publishing Co.: New York.)

Babyhood for December has a beautifully illustrated cover, and the magazine is filled with the most helpful hints and suggestions for mothers, especially young mothers who are inexperienced in the care of infants. "The New Cure for Diphtheria," "Nursery Problems," "Nursery Pastimes," "Nursery Dainties," "Nursery Helps and Novelties," are some of the top-ten treated this month. (Babyhood Publishing Co.: 5 Beekman St., New York.)

The Arena for December contains a good list of timely and valuable papers. Max Müller leads in an able article on "The Real Significance of the World's Parliament of Religions." An admirable portrait of the Oxford Professor serves as a frontispiece. Then come Tolstoi's critique on "Guy de Maupassant;" M. J. Savage on "The Religion of Holmes' Poems;" the editor's "Well-springs and Feeders of Immorality;" "Hensoldt's "Fate of Major Rogers;" Hamlin Garland's "A Woman in the Camp;" Vrooman on "The Ethics of Peace;" and Prof. Will on "The Abolition of War." (The Arena Publishing Company: Boston.)

The North American Review for December contains ten articles on a wide variety of subjects. Monsignor Satolli, the papal representative in this country, gives a full and careful account of the Catholic school system in Rome. Wade Hampton follows on "Brigandage on Our Railroads." Henry Cabot Lodge has a learned estimate of the writings of Holmes, and Prof. Goldwin Smith another of Froude. Prof. C. A. Briggs has an able and discriminative article on the "Salvation Army." Stepienik eulogizes the late Czar's foreign, but abominates his domestic, policy. The meaning of the late elections is given by the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic congressional committees. (3 East Fourteenth St., New York.)

The Cosmopolitan for December keeps Christmas with a handsome display of pictures. The frontispiece is an unpublished drawing by Meissner. Edwin Arnold follows in a poem, "My Guests," the swallows, illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson. Then come: "The Relations of Photography to Art," "The Tribes of the Sahara," "Margherita of Savoy," "Musical Instruments of the World," "Great Passions of History," "The Bellman," "A Parting and a Meeting," and "On Frenchman's Bay." Kipling tells of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension;" Tourgee gives "The Story of a Thousand;" and Julien Gordon, "Abraham Lincoln in his Relations to Women."

Music for December is a well-laden number. The ten or a dozen articles contained in it are well considered and well-written. The frontispiece is the Madonna by Bouguereau. Egbert Swayne describes the American Conservatory at Chicago. The editor gives "Notes of a Summer Tour." (Music Magazine Publishing Co.: Chicago.)

The Treasury for December has for a frontispiece a portrait of Rev. J. E. Cummings. There are three full sermons and various outlines and sermonic thoughts, with timely services for the close of the year. The Treasury is usually thoughtful and suggestive. (E. B. Treat: 3 Cooper Union, New York.)

The Sanitarian for December has a good list of papers. The reader will not fail to read the articles on "Drinking Water and its Relations to Malarial Disease;" "The Examination of the Milk Supply;" and "The Discoverer of the New Specific for Croup and Diphtheria." (American News Company: New York.)

Little Men and Women and Babyland for December are full of beautiful Christmas stories and pictures for the little folks and the babies. A subscription to either of these delightful little magazines would prove a most acceptable gift for the children. (Alpha Publishing Company: Boston.)



Mrs. J. G. Clark

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Obituaries.

Stiness. — Philip B. Stiness was born at Smithfield, R. I., in 1827, and died in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24, 1894, in the 67th year of his age.

A life so upright and honorable is a precious legacy to his friends — especially to his sorrowing companion and their bereaved son. After laying a solid educational foundation for himself in the public schools and Conference Seminary, Mr. Stiness read widely a class of literature that not only stored his mind with useful knowledge but gave it large development. Blessed with a retentive memory, a vigorous intellect, habits of industry and sound principles, he rapidly improved and became a tower of strength to every good cause. No negative or merely passive force was he in society, but positive, active, aggressive and influential. He was a born reformer, with clear ethical views and strong convictions, and was not wanting in courage to proclaim and advocate what he believed right. As a thorough-going temperance man in theory and practice, as a liberty-loving, loyal citizen of the Republic and official servant of the State, as a wise counselor in reformatory associations, as a most devout and earnest communicant of the denomination of his choice (having long been a valuable member of Mathewson St. M. B. Church), he was everywhere recognized as a man of suspicionless rectitude and superior worth. Stalwart strength of Christian character and purity of life rendered him a salutary factor and an elevating force in the world. For years he was a regular and appreciative patron of ZION'S HERALD, keeping well informed upon current issues and in touch with the best spirit of the age.

His departure is keenly felt by those best acquainted with his many virtues. But they rejoice in his having been spared so long and will never lose the benediction of his exalted manhood until called up higher to join him in mansions of perpetual bliss.

MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN.

Dingman. — Nancy M. Campbell was born in Aoworth, N. H., Jan. 5, 1830. On May 20, 1865, she was married to Rev. Chester Dingman, and on Sept. 9, 1894, she was called home to glory.

Mr. Dingman was converted early in life, and joined the Baptist Church; but Mr. Dingman being a Methodist preacher, she, like the true woman she was, joined the M. E. Church, and continued in this relation until called to her reward in heaven. She was a faithful worker and helpmate in the Master's vineyard, and her interest in the prosperity of the church was manifest to the last of her days.

For more than three years she had been failing in health, and during much of the time was a great sufferer; but her faith in the Lord Jesus was so clear that she was enabled to rise above all the infirmities and prove to all that she had been with Jesus and had learned of Him. Even when she had become so weakened as to be unable to converse with those who called to see her, she would often speak some word expressive of her complete trust in Jesus. In all her sickness she greatly enjoyed the visits of her friends and neighbors and the calls of her pastor. The songs of Zion and the prayer of faith never lost their charm for her, and those left saddened by her death are comforted by the assurance that she now sings in glory.

The home is left vacant and sad, but the Lord who comforteth those who are cast down is with the companion and other family relatives, and they feel to say, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done." The funeral was held at the house on Sept. 10, by the writer, her pastor, assisted by J. W. Hitchcock, a local preacher, and the body was taken to Aoworth, N. H., for interment, where a service was conducted by Rev. A. B. Russell, the Methodist pastor at Aoworth.

G. A. EMERY.

Burnap. — James Burnap was born in Nelson, N. H., Sept. 6, 1816, and died in Marlow, N. H., Oct. 28, 1894.

At an early age he was left fatherless and was apprenticed to his uncle, with whom he acquired a thorough knowledge of the tanning business. In 1837 he came to Marlow and purchased the tannery there, and by dint of perseverance built up a good business and amassed considerable wealth. Foremost in every movement for the welfare of the town, he was recognized as one of Marlow's most honored citizens. Beside other subordinate offices, he was elected to fill for two successive terms the respective positions of representative, State senator and Governor's councilor.

In 1840 he was united in marriage with Mary Adelia Gilman, of Lowell, Mass., who for nearly half a century was his faithful companion and helpmate. Their union was blessed with one daughter, who survives to mourn the loss of both parents now gone to the better land.

Mr. Burnap united with the M. E. Church in 1862, and has since that time been one of the most faithful supporters of its interests. The church at Marlow will keenly feel his loss as a faithful member of the official board and constant attendant at the sanctuary.

His last illness was a remarkable fulfillment of the promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." Although passing through the most intense suffering, he manifested a spirit of patient resignation in it all, and no exercise gave him such great joy and comfort as the reading of the Word and prayer. His mental faculties remained clear to the last, and he went down into the valley leaning on the arm of God and in full reliance on the atonement of Jesus.

E. N. JARRETT.

Plumer. — Rev. Abraham Plumer was born in Bucksport, Me., Oct. 30, 1809, and died in Damariscotta, Me., Nov. 5, 1894.

He was converted Oct. 20, 1829, and was baptized and joined the Methodist Church in Belfast, Me., in the spring of 1830. Licensed to preach in June, 1833, in due time he was ordained deacon by Bishop Hedding, and later made an elder. He removed to New Hampshire and took work as a local preacher in 1838, and labored in pastoral work in New Hampshire and Maine for forty-one years. Since he has resided in Damariscotta he has done much ministerial work in destitute communities.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit him in his last illness. When asked if he was willing to trust the Lord as his Shepherd, even though He led him through the dark valley and the shadow of death, he, with a countenance all aglow with love to God, responded that he truly trusted in the Lord as his Shepherd, to guide him home.

Mr. Plumer's Christianity was not something to put on to suit the occasion; it was an everyday life. He practiced what he professed. His works of faith and labors of love cannot die. Through these he still speaks and lives and acts. He lives in the fondly cherished remembrance of the church for which he so long and faithfully labored. "The workman falleth, but the work

goes on." "Behold the righteous man, for the end of that man is peace."

So Mr. Plumer closed his beautiful life. He triumphantly, yet gently and clearly, fell asleep in Jesus. He leaves a wife who is in feeble health, and three sons, whom he consecrated to the ministry — John, of Portland, Charles, chaplain of the State Prison at Thomaston, and Lemuel, of Massachusetts. May the blessings of God rest upon them! C. L. BANGHART.

Freeman. — Arthur B. Freeman died at his home in Lebanon, N. H., Nov. 2, 1894, at nearly 30 years of age. He was a printer by trade, serving an apprenticeship of three years in the *Granite State Free Press* of Lebanon. For two or three years he was employed by his uncle, Hon. George M. Dewey, of Hastings, Mich., who was the editor and proprietor of the *Hastings Banner*. Nov. 1, 1876, having returned to Lebanon, he purchased the job department of the *Free Press*, which until within two or three weeks of his death he conducted with marked success. The editors of the last-named paper (which was printed by Mr. Freeman) speak in the highest terms of his industrious, methodical, impartial, and conscientious work, and especially of his editorial management of their paper during their occasional absences from the office, and still further of the fact that during eighteen years of business association with him there was never a harsh word or a misunderstanding between them. Mr. Freeman was also associated with Mr. Julius T. Grow in the paper box business and was having fair success.

Nov. 7, 1875, during the ministry of Rev. Charles E. Hall, he joined the M. E. Church of Lebanon — removing from it by letter to Hastings, Mich., Nov. 8, 1876, and returning by letter Jan. 1, 1881. For several years he has been an official member, also recording steward. Twice he has served the Sunday-school as its superintendent, in which position he was particularly efficient. Possessed of an exceptionally fine tenor voice, he has rendered much excellent service in the choir. Of keen business foresight, he has been especially helpful in the official board, and the most successful financial scheme ever operated in this church was inaugurated by him last spring.

Of retiring disposition and naturally distrustful of himself, he did not seek for preferment among his brethren, and his sensitive nature shrank from the more continuous helpful activity which was not only possible to him but greatly desired from him. Yet real worth made him exceedingly popular, and in every place he did occupy he rendered conscientious service.

He was twice married, first to Emily K. Stevens, who died about five years ago. Thirir son, Harold B., is now about twelve years of age. His second marriage, which occurred just four months prior to his death, was to Mary K., daughter of Martin Baker, one of our most esteemed official members. In both of these marriages Brother Freeman needed the injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and chose devout Christians who were members of the same church with himself.

The gripp followed by pneumonia caused his death, after extreme suffering for nearly three weeks. Through it all his faith in God, which was always strong, never faltered. He lived well, died in the faith, and now rests from his labors, while his works follow him. W. H. BENNETT.

Rogers. — Eliza S. Rogers, wife of Allen T. Rogers, was born in Waterville, Me., May 29, 1840, and died at her home in Sagamore, Mass., Nov. 14, 1894.

She united with the M. E. Church in this place, Sept. 3, 1871, and was a prominent and active member, ever seeking to advance its interests. She loved to be in "labor more abundant" until six years ago, when she was laid aside by heart trouble. Even then her interest in and love for the church continued.

She was an inspiration to her husband in his work for the Master, and a benediction to those who came within the circle of her influence. She fondly cared for her mother, who for a number of years was deprived of eyesight, and for the past twenty years has had charge of a niece who was a great sufferer, a source of constant anxiety, and a tax upon her physical powers. But the trials of life were sanctified to her good. She grew in the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ.

For years she had been a great sufferer, but was patient and submissive. During the last few days of her life she was unconscious, in which state she passed away, to be forever with the Lord.

Mrs. Rogers left a good record. She was faithful in all the relations of life. Her self-sacrificing toil, pure life and noble Christian character will never be forgotten by those who knew and loved her. "The memory of the just is blessed." WILLIAM KIRBY.

Stevens. — Mrs. Juliette Stevens, widow of John Stevens, died at her home in Stafford Springs, Conn., Nov. 9, 1894. She was born in Stafford, Oct. 16, 1822, the daughter of Asa and Hulda Howe. She was converted in early life and united with the Methodist Church at Stafford Springs under the pastorate of Rev. James Mather, in 1830. The following year she was united in marriage with John Stevens, a member of the same church, whose promotion to the spirit world occurred three years ago. Their only child, Charles Henry, died twelve years ago. Two grandsons are living.

The years from 1866 to 1870 Mrs. Stevens and husband spent in Lawrence, Mass., where they were identified with our church. Otherwise her entire life has been spent in this locality. All these years she has been a faithful member of the church and a consistent Christian. In early life she sang in the choir, and she never lost her love of music, or of the old hymns of the church. Nearly her last moments were soothed by the singing of some of her favorite hymns. Her last public testimony for Christ was given on the last Sunday in September at the morning love-feast on Old Folks' day. J. I. BARTHOLOMEW.

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Tilton, N. H.

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